**REMEMBER THE PUEBLO** JACK ROBERTSON

# THE NATION

MARCH 17, 1969 *35 cents*

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# LETTERS

## off course

*Rockville Centre, N.Y.*

DEAR SIRS: The Navy has not nearly come off as badly as your editorial [Feb. 17] on the *Pueblo* inquiry suggests. They have successfully deflected the inquiry from the vital question, *"Did the* Pueblo *violate Korean waters, and if so, by chance or by design, and if by design, whose?"* Instead, there is a mishmash of sentimental debate about whether Bucher was wrong not to resist. The disaster is that of those who believe in peace, civilian supremacy, and demilitarization. From Fulbright down, we missed the boat. (Pardon that metaphor.)

*Howard N. Meyer*

## selective anger

*Madison, Wis.*

DEAR SIRS: The following is quoted, with one alteration, from Eqbal Ahmad's article, "How We Look to the Third World" [*The Nation*, Mar. 3]:

> The violence which has been practiced against the [Palestinians] is not genocidal in intent; it is instrumental, political and ethnocentric. It is seen as a natural vehicle for the attainment of societal goals, especially when it involves confrontation with culturally and racially alien groups who are often perceived as inferior and expendable. . . .

Precisely. Only, the original read "the Indians or the blacks" instead of "the Palestinians"; the former are groups whom *The Nation*'s righteously selective indignation is capable of noticing, while the latter are not. You've been far too uncritically pro-Zionist for far too long.

*Aaron Leibowitz*

*Hagerstown, Md.*

DEAR SIRS: The last paragraph of Anne Tuckerman's "Defusing the Powder Keg" [*The Nation*, Feb. 17] surprised and dismayed me. She writes that "the answer to that question" of whether the coming Big Four meeting on the Middle East will produce results "lies primarily in Jerusalem."

Not in France or Russia which are arming and supporting the Arabs to the hilt. Not in the Arab capitals which have openly proclaimed their support for the terrorists and their undiminished hostility toward Israel. Not in the United States which is trying desperately to retain its strategic and economic interests in the Middle East. It is in beleaguered Israel, in Jerusalem, Mrs. Tuckerman says, that the question of the peace of the area lies. And what must Israel do to satisfy the wishes of its enemies? The answer is clear: the country must make enough concessions to insure its eventual destruction.

*H. T. Keats*

*Woodhaven, N. Y.*

DEAR SIRS: Herbert Krosney's "The Crossroads of Jerusalem" [Feb. 3] is the most offensive article I have ever seen in *The Nation*. Such statements as "The whole of Jerusalem fell into Israel's hands through the stupidity of King Hussein. . . ." and "The Arabs can't do anything well. . . . It's lucky we have Arabs here; otherwise we might be in trouble," while not the author's own, are allowed to pass without rebuttal, setting the article's blatantly pro-Israel tone.

Aside from a host of other inaccuracies, the author makes the frequent transposition of "Israelis" for "Jews." Needless to say they are not the same. . . .

*Martin Melkonian*

# EDITORIALS

## Mr. Nixon Goes Calling

During the campaign, Candidate Nixon made snide remarks about "showboat tactics"—having in mind of course John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson. The references were especially to his predecessors' dramatic appearances on foreign stages. It seems to be a law of current politics that what a candidate denounces in an opponent, past or present, is what he proceeds to do once he finds himself in office. If ever there was an example of showboat navigation, President Nixon's voyage through Europe is it.

This is not to dispute that it accomplished its purpose. During his first six weeks in office, Mr. Nixon's efforts have been largely devoted to making his image glow and glisten, a project which falls into two categories. The first is what an irreverent B.B.C. announcer called the "demonsterization" of Richard Nixon. Once certified human, Nixon has then had to be portrayed to the people of America as the boy from Whittier, Calif., who rode in triumph over all obstacles and now as President lunches with the royal family of Britain and charms the highest foreign dignitaries with American sincerity and poise.

More than that, 200 million Americans, or that portion who are old enough to view TV, must be sold on the proposition that the mistakes of the past will be erased. For instance, that other fearsome ogre, President de Gaulle, who had confounded all our earlier plans for European-American unity, was now brimming over with cooperation and would soon be coming to the United States as a friendly visitor and—such was the Nixon magic—with no serious risk that he would demand the return of Louisiana to France.

To make all this stick, it was necessary to bill the Nixon trip as only a modest beginning in the rehabilitation of European-American relations. By underplaying the Presidential tour, any criticism that it accomplished little was defused in advance.

It was smartly done. The trip dominated headlines and networks for a week, and despite the disclaimers many citizens, especially those somewhat retarded politically, must have been convinced that much had been accomplished to make America and its allies secure. At the same time, the trip diverted attention from the fact that Mr. Nixon hadn't yet come up with anything much by way of a program. During his campaign he said he had a plan for Vietnam. When will it be revealed? Or is the American public supposed to be satisfied by the sight of Dick enjoying a nice chat with the Queen, while another 453 Americans die in battle?

Then came the one-hour (prime time) report to the American people. The networks were glad to make the sacrifice, for when can they resist a "saturation spectacular"? It is only fair to say that the 9 P.M. report was a workmanlike job. True, the scope was limited—only foreign policy, and even so he could not reveal what he said or what all those premiers and presidents (and



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His Holiness) had so graciously replied. But there were no slips, and the President was reasonably candid, as far as he went.

Predictably enough, the press headlined the show "Warning to Hanoi," though that was only an incidental part of it. However, President Nixon's remarks on this topic, while not aggressively hawkish, did reveal something of how his mind works. He assumed, and led the tens of milllions of viewers to believe, that the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong had violated an "understanding" with President Johnson that in return for an end to the bombing of North Vietnam they would reduce their activity in South Vietnam to a whisper. Actually that was Mr. Johnson's interpretation, not the enemy's. They didn't say no, but neither did they say yes. When Gen. Creighton Abrams was instructed to whang the daylights out of them, they finally whanged back—recalling Voltaire's remark that this is a wicked beast: it defends itself.

In the matter of Vietnam, and in other areas, Mr. Nixon will have to come forward pretty soon with proposals for solutions. It may be that he thinks he can function in the manner of Eisenhower, whom he watched at close range. Unfortunately for Nixon and the rest of us, the problems the President faces now have taken on entirely new dimensions of urgency and importance. TV appearances, whether at home or abroad, will not solve them.

## The Burchinal Incident

A perennial—and most elusive—topic of discussion is the extent to which the military determine American foreign policy or decisively influence it. The issue is a sensitive one, "team spirit" prevails, and investigators find themselves up against a blank wall. In a situation of this kind, the public and the press learn what is going on only when some serious indiscretion results in revelations that the insiders cannot suppress.

A current instance involves the role of U.S. Maj. Gen. David A. Burchinal in the negotiations for renewal of the leases on bases in Spain. *Nation* readers are aware that as the bases become less useful, even from a strictly military point of view, the Franco regime wants to exact a higher rental. (See editorial, "A Little Freedom," *The Nation,* March 3.) The matter involves not only military judgment but foreign policy, an aspect that becomes the more important because of the internal crisis in Spain and the fact that renewal of the leases would in effect put us in the position of supporting the dictatorship.

In these circumstances it is dismaying to discover that General Burchinal had shouldered himself into the negotiations and was playing a leading, if not a dominant part, so that little might have been left for the State Department except to approve something close to a *fait accompli.* The matter has turned out otherwise, and may add materially to public information on what goes on behind the scenes, because of an item ("State, Pentagon Split on Commitments to Spain") in Flora Lewis' syn-



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dicated column, which appeared in *The Washington Post* on February 25. It was picked up by Sen. Stuart Symington, who has recently shown himself to be increasingly active in the public interest and correspondingly critical of the military interest.

Miss Lewis writes that Burchinal started his work by signing a joint minute with the Spaniards on the "threat" they allegedly face from North Africa—a "proxy war" in the Spanish colonies, backed by the Russians—and other equally improbable developments. The State Department obtained a copy of this document only after some delay and appeals to civilian officials in the Pentagon, and was alarmed by the prospect of U.S. involvement in a Spanish colonial war. State drew up amendments to reduce this risk, thereupon Burchinal, who seems to have been negotiating on behalf of the Spaniards at least as much as for the United States, returned another version of the jointly signed minute, reiterating the "threat from North Africa," and obligating the United States to defend Western Europe, "of which Spain is an integral part."

The upshot was that Deputy Defense Secretary David Packard summoned Burchinal to the Pentagon and made it clear to him how he was to proceed. Another, unnamed, high official in the Pentagon denied that Burchinal had made any commitments and stated that he would continue to negotiate with the Spaniards.

Senator Symington is chairman of a subcommittee of the Foreign Relations Committee and in this capacity is authorized to deal with our commitments abroad. He said on the floor of the Senate that he did not know whether Miss Lewis' account is accurate (it certainly sounds accurate), but assured his colleagues that "it is this type of activity which will come under surveillance by this subcommittee." Senator Mansfield, while not impugning General Burchinal's conduct, expressed his delight that Senator Symington had brought the issue before the Senate. "It raises a most serious question," said Senator Mansfield, "relative to who shall conduct the foreign policy of this country. Should it be the representatives of the Pentagon . . . or, as has been the practice under the Constitution, shall it continue to be the representatives of the Department of State, under the command, control and responsibility of the President of the United States?"

The Spaniards are reported to be annoyed that the matter has been brought into the open. Despite its own annoyance, the State Department may resort to a maneuver intended to make Franco look better: it may use the negotiations to induce him to lift the "state of exception" and become a "liberal" dictator once more. This would be the height of folly. The conflict between the dictatorship and the Spanish people is irreconcilable, and if Franco lifts what amounts to a state of siege he can always reimpose it. The State Department should reassert its authority and let the leases for the bases lapse. It may be painful for President Nixon to deprive the Pentagon of its possessions, but he has been emphasizing order and discipline in government and now is the time for him to show that he means it.

## Verdict in New Orleans

The one puzzle about the "not guilty" verdict in the Clay Shaw trial is why it should have taken the jury fifty minutes to return it. Of evidence there was almost none, and the little there was came from a collection of bizarre witnesses, most of whom were patently in need of psychotherapy. On the basis of the evidence presented, the jury of the American people will accept and applaud the verdict reached in New Orleans.

But it would be a serious mistake to conclude, as many have, that the verdict will affirm the findings of the Warren Commission. In the first place, these findings are not sacrosanct; new evidence may yet be unearthed which would impeach them. But unfortunately "evidence" is not needed to keep alive the massive will-to-believe that supports the market for "conspiracy" theories of one kind or another. So far as the assassination is concerned, gossip, fantasy, coincidence and conjecture suffice to launch new and fancier theories; in fact, the number of theories is limited only by the imaginations of the theorists.

The verdict in the Shaw case will no doubt inspire a new wave of articles and books advancing still additional "conspiracy" theories. For isn't it "conceivable," as one courtroom spectator observed, that Jim Garrison could be acting for the CIA? And isn't it "conceivable," as Garrison told the jury, that "admirals and generals as well as the secret police" brought massive pressure to bear on him—the Jolly Green Giant—to keep "justice from being brought to this courtroom"? The mere fact that it is impossible for most of us to believe that Lyndon Johnson, even though he had "most to gain," had a hand in the assassination has not prevented the supposition from being hawked. It is equally inconceivable that the late Robert F. Kennedy was "silent because the CIA killed his brother," but that didn't prevent the despicable suggestion from being published in one of the "underground" papers. So the theories will go on and on, even though no new hard evidence is unearthed. The theorists are legion, the market is inexhaustible, and the will-to-believe is beyond belief.

The real question is, will Garrison go unpunished? Even when the District Attorney of a large city uses the powers and resources of his office in a legitimate and responsible manner, he enjoys advantages not easily offset by an individual defendant who happens to be innocent. But if he acts irresponsibly—if he abuses the powers of his office—he can place in jeopardy the liberty of any citizen, even one highly placed; he becomes in fact a threat to the liberties of the citizens he is supposed to protect.

In this instance, Shaw was fortunately a man of some means, well known in the community, with numerous friends. He was therefore able to retain expert counsel who could, and did, protect his rights. Even so, his career is ruined; he has lived under the shadow of a terrible indictment for two years, and one can well believe him when he says that he is broke.

Now he must defend himself against a new complaint, issued by Garrison, which charges him with giving false testimony at the trial. This constitutes "abuse of powers" by any reckoning. The American Bar Association has asked the Louisiana Bar Association to investigate Gar-



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rison's handling of the case, and the *States-Item* has demanded his resignation. Later in the year, the voters of New Orleans will have a chance to determine whether they need a new district attorney. In the meantime the Department of Justice should open an investigation to find out if the facts warrant an indictment of Garrison and other persons for conspiring, under color of state law, to violate Shaw's constitutional rights.

## Lesson in Ethics

Last week we commented on a variety of indications that a new social ethic may be emerging. An incident at the medical school of the University of Virginia may also be prognostic.

It started elsewhere. Some drug manufacturers make a practice of sending instrument bags, stethoscopes and similar gifts to medical students. Some second-year students at Case Western Reserve University School of Medicine decided to make an issue of this petty attempt to influence future doctors by returning the gifts with a tart letter. Something like 40 per cent of the class took this action. A similar move was initiated at Harvard.

At Virginia some of the medical students, led by a second-year man named John Wasson, thought the situation required more widespread discussion. A debate was staged between Dr. William O'Brien of the faculty and Dr. Harold L. Upjohn, of the Upjohn Company. The key question was: "Why do drug companies give free bags, trips, drugs? Should doctors and students accept them?"

Dr. Upjohn's reply: "You know why they give them. No question about it. They want doctors to be interested in prescribing their brands." In his view only "excessive" giving was wrong.

Dr. O'Brien took the position that the practice was wrong regardless of the size of the gratuity. "Medicine," he said, "is the highest paying profession and it should never get into a conflict of interest."

A non-medical faculty member, Dr. Lawrence Cranberg of the Physics Department, local chairman of the ethics committee of the American Association of University Professors, called Dr. Upjohn's response "unsatisfactory and rather frivolous." He went on to discuss the evils of "hospitality suites" at conventions, whether of physicians, engineers or lawyers. Dr. Cranberg's contention is that "the rule should be zero"—accept nothing.

While this may sound priggish, it is certainly the safest policy in the training of physicians. Drug houses are among the most lavish advertisers and sales promoters in American industry. It is possible that if their expenditures were limited to clearly legitimate, scientific descriptions of their products, the cost to consumers could be reduced. If this were made uniform practice in the "ethical drug" business, no one firm would be at a disadvantage—and physicians would not be swamped with extravagant claims for drugs which often turn out to be useless. And when medical students became doctors, they might take ethics more seriously than do numbers of their elders in the profession who have been exploiting Medicaid so outrageously that in some localities the whole program is in jeopardy.

## Reasonable Doubt

The biggest automobile story thus far in 1969 is General Motors' decision to recall 4.9 million cars and trucks for inspection and repair of possibly hazardous defects. It is big and it is alarming: Since no one wants to charge GM with conspicuous altruism, the clear implication is that the firm knows that almost 5 million of its vehicles are rolling around the country in a condition so patently hazardous that suits for damages could not be warded off by its most able lawyers.

That is bad enough, but here is something worse: 2.4 million of the cars are being brought in to correct a leak in the exhaust system which Edward Gregory, an inspector in GM's St. Louis plant, called to the attention of his superiors three years ago. According to an article in *The Washington Post*, Gregory was called a "jerk" when he first raised the matter, and was transferred to another department when he persisted. But Gregory, it turns out, is another of those small servants of big business who, as we have noted a couple of times recently, are emerging as the conscience of bureaucracy. He followed up by sending a formal "suggestion" to the management, taking the pains to have it notarized.

Now, several million cars later, GM has decided to act. It has even decided to award Gregory $10,000 for his alertness. It won't admit that his leak is the one it is correcting, but has taken this magnanimous step "to avoid any suggestion of unfairness." (In another statement, GM avers that it will cure the exhaust problem by a system "very similar" to that proposed by Gregory. GM's public relations seem to be as leaky as its tail pipes.)

Four people died of asphyxiation in Chevrolets last summer—more than two years after Gregory warned that it might happen. A GM official has said of the recall: "The sheer size of this thing is bound to hurt the entire industry . . . because it makes people have doubts." One can see what he means.

## Pentagon Piety

If we are, as Lawrence Speiser of the Washington office of the American Civil Liberties Union says, "being engulfed by religiosity," the likelihood is that the flood will rise throughout the Nixon Administration, for there is an ominously pious air about our new President.

In such an atmosphere, the proper separation of church and state will be difficult to maintain. And for that reason the nation is indebted to the ACLU, and to Mr. Speiser personally, for persuading the Pentagon to remove the sanctimony from its Character Guidance Program, which all enlisted military personnel are required to endure.

The program was put together by the Chief of Chaplains, and chaplains are customarily the instructors. The booklets issued to the chaplains conducting this course state that the program's aim is "to instill into all the members of the Army a sense of individual moral responsibility [and] moral principles that sustain the philosophy of American freedom. . . . That philosophy regards man as a creature of God. As such, every soldier is responsible



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and accountable to his Creator for the way he performs his civic and military duty. . . ."

The manuals assert further that a member of the Women's Army Corps should be taught that "her assigned job becomes her 'duty of state,' which means to do her job as best she can, not for reward . . . but simply because she knows it is obviously the *will of God* for her." (The emphasis is the Pentagon's.)

This is rather lightweight stuff, so primitive in concept that it would be persuasive only to the most elementary mind. But it is an offense to the Constitution as well as to good taste that captive students in the military have been subjected to such indoctrination for years.

About a year ago, Speiser learned of the program and complained to the Pentagon. He recently received assurance in a letter from the top brass that "we are revising all the materials in question to eliminate passages with religious connotations."

It is a good solid victory. A few years ago the stars were removed from behind the Speaker's rostrum in the U. S. House of Representatives and in their place went the inscription: "In God We Trust." Now there is a plan afoot in Congress to require the same inscription to be placed on the wall behind the dais for the Justices of the Supreme Court—as a way to sort of rub it in. And a number of bills already kicking around Congress would put prayers and Bible reading back in the public schools. The ACLU's battle in this matter is a constant one and will require the assistance of all who agree with the Court that "no official, high or petty, can prescribe what shall be orthodox in politics, nationalism, religion, or other matters of opinion."

## Promises

No one speaks against culture (at least no one, to our knowledge, has done so since Herman Goering reached for his gun). All of us, and particularly all those who represent us in the halls of government, enthusiastically endorse the arts and are willing to support them without stint—when the time comes.

But, says W. McNeil Lowry, writing in the Ford Foundation's Annual Report, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Despite the applause, there is still no effective national policy, and it is an illusion to suppose that "the Congress will vote large new funds for the arts when Vietnam passes." Other problems will not have passed and it is useless, says Mr. Lowry, to argue for the arts on the ground "that all other great national questions are in equilibrium." That day never comes—for this nation or any other—and yet other nations support their creative enterprises without question.

The word "priority" has become very modish in America's public debates; naturally enough, for it postpones to infinity demands that cannot be spurned. Art is either valuable in its own right—like roads or missiles or J. Edgar Hoover—or it is a lost cause.

Mr. Lowry urges a federal Department of Cultural Affairs. We shall be a backward nation until we have one.

# REMEMBER THE *PUEBLO*

**JACK ROBERTSON**
*Mr. Robertson is Senior Science Reporter for the Fairchild Publications, specializing in military and space coverage. He covered the hearings in Coronado and is now attending the Congressional inquiry into the* Pueblo *case.*

The two-month Navy Court of Inquiry on the seizure of the *Pueblo* has proved one thing—that the military hierarchy changes very little. The volumes of testimony read much like the hearings on Pearl Harbor, the Tonkin Gulf, the 1968 Tet offensive. If anything, they show that the *Pueblo* mistakes could be repeated tomorrow.

Despite the length of the proceedings, the Navy tribunal managed to avoid any serious look into the military operations surrounding the *Pueblo*. Therefore Congress is not satisfied, and the House Armed Services Special Investigating subcommittee has already opened its own investigation. Chairman Otis Pike (D., N.Y.) says his panel will interrogate Pentagon figures whom the Navy avoided.

The House unit should concern itself with divided authority, intelligence breakdowns and command confusion —all matters that the Navy ignored. First of all, it should dig into the divided command problems of the new Navy. The *Pueblo* was a divided ship. Comdr. Lloyd M. Bucher sailed the vessel, but an intelligence officer, Lieut. Stephen Harris, had complete charge of its spy center.

In many ways, the intelligence lieutenant was the most important man on the ship. Bucher got into the spy nerve center of his own ship only when he could prove a definite need to know. When he ordered destruction of security material during the attack, he was amazed to find that cleaning up the classified attic would take half a day. Harris' spy radio was almost the only contact the *Pueblo* had back to its base in Japan. Perhaps it is no accident that she became the first U.S. naval ship to be pirated in 150 years. In the days when a captain was complete master of his ship, the command confusion in the midst of the *Pueblo* attack would have been unthinkable.

In the new Navy, ambiguity of command prevails all the way back to Washington. Commander Bucher's boss, Rear Adm. Frank Johnson, had a similarly divided house at Japan Naval Forces headquarters. Johnson ran the ships, but Naval Intelligence, acting for the National Security Agency (NSA), ran the spy business. Johnson got only a verbal report on the *Pueblo* spy situation before the ship sailed. His sole fleet consisted of the *Pueblo* and a sister spy ship, the *Banner*. He lacked even a PT boat for help in case of trouble.



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Back in Washington, NSA ran the spy operations, while the Navy Department tried to be helpful. Task Force 7623 was supposed to coordinate everyone who had a hand in the *Pueblo*, but it didn't. The 58 pages of messages logged in from all the commands during the crisis reveal a disjointed indecision that wasted the hours when the ship might have been saved. Nor is the *Pueblo* unique. An earlier intelligence vessel, the *Liberty*, operated under a similar split authority between NSA and the Navy. During the 1967 Israeli-Arab Six Day War, the *Liberty*, not being part of the Sixth Fleet, was allowed to wander too close to the war front. When the Pentagon belatedly tried to warn the ship to clear out, messages were missent to NSA headquarters and filed away. The *Liberty* never did get the warnings. Part of the failure to detect the 1968 Tet attack was traced to intelligence static between U.S. security agencies and the South Vietnamese.

NSA is also the intelligence power behind the throne of the Air Force. The Mission Impossible agency has built five $100 million ground-based spying antenna stations around the world. The Air Force runs them, even relays intelligence data through them from its satellites and spy planes, but NSA pulls the strings.

Congress will also ask why it was hours before the Joint Chiefs of Staff and Secretary of Defense were alerted in the *Pueblo* crisis. The ship sent its first alert at 10:50 A.M. Korean time, January 23. It flashed the North Korean threat to open fire an hour later. That was 10 P.M. Washington time, but the Joint Chiefs were not notified until midnight; Defense Secretary McNamara was not informed until 12:23 A.M. By then, the *Pueblo* had been boarded and was on its way to captivity.

All *Pueblo* wires were addressed to the Joint Chiefs. Its warnings and calls for help should have been relayed to the National Military Command Center at the Pentagon within seconds. Commander Bucher said his "critical" priority wires went directly to the White House also—and this was so, since the Executive mansion is tied to the Pentagon war room. No one has explained why the frantic *Pueblo* SOS took two hours to reach the top commands.

If the Pentagon brass was not around when the *Pueblo* was attacked, neither was Rear Admiral Johnson, the man immediately responsible for rescuing the ship. At that moment, he was delivering a welcoming address to the annual Navy Typhoon conference in Tokyo. He was called to the phone and told in veiled terms, "The *Pueblo* is in trouble. She may be gone." Johnson had trouble rounding up transportation back to his command. He finally commandeered an Army helicopter, got home at 3:10 P.M. local time, when the *Pueblo* was already in Communist hands. His staff had requested help from the Air Force, but not the Seventh Fleet. His juniors told him that the Navy had nothing to send.

But the Seventh Fleet did have help less than an hour's flying time from the *Pueblo*. The carrier *Enterprise* was steaming 600 miles away, bound for Vietnam. Its pilots were primed on Vietnamese targets. The Navy said it would have taken hours to brief them on the uncertain *Pueblo* crisis. Four hours after getting the *Pueblo*'s "Mayday," the Seventh Fleet finally decided to send two destroyers to its aid. By then, the Pueblo was being escorted into Wonsan. The destroyers would have had to blast their way into the port to effect a rescue, and Washington had no heart for risking a second Asian war. It ordered the destroyers back.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

*"Who's in Charge Here?"*

The command confusion was so bad that no one bothered to radio any communiqué to the *Pueblo*. Nowhere in the 58 pages of communications is there a single official message to the beleaguered ship. In all likelihood, there was nothing to send. Bucher told how it felt to be left to fend for his ship with only two frozen-shut machine guns: he beat the bulkhead with his fists after leaving the ship's message-less radio room.

The only word the *Pueblo* got from Japan was an erroneous rumor passed on by the base radio operator: "Understand the Air Force has some F-105s already winging on the way to you." Bucher kept listening for these fighters even as his Communist captors were tying up his crew. The *Pueblo* radioed back equally false rumors that were spreading through the ship. Many of them ended up in the official Pentagon briefing to Congress immediately after the capture.

In the heat of battle, speculation and wild reports too easily slip into command communiqués. The *Pueblo* rumor mill recalls the 1964 Tonkin Gulf spy ship ambush, when the Pentagon believed reports of a sea full of enemy torpedoes and shells. All but two of the torpedo soundings



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turned out later to be sonar detection of the ships' own rudders.

Congressman Pike's committee ought also to determine if the military gadgeteers are not putting too much trust in electronics. The Pentagon has built the most elaborate intelligence and communication network the world has ever seen, but the electronic wizardry faltered in this, as in previous military crises. The *Pueblo*, a converted Army cargo tub straight out of *Mr. Roberts*, was chosen to carry the best spy gear that we owned. In fact, there was so much of it that the ship was top-heavy; a Navy report said she would capsize in a 40-knot beam wind.

This ultra-sensitive gear had an unfortunate tendency to become cranky. Both the *Pueblo* and the *Banner* reported extreme delays—often as long as twenty-four hours—in trying to talk with their base over the complicated spy radio. The *Pueblo* radio, built by the National Security Agency, had to be synchronized within a hairbreadth with its intelligence receiver in Japan. This pleased the security people, since the complex fine tuning made it almost impossible for the enemy to listen in. Unfortunately, it turned out to be nearly as hard for the *Pueblo*'s own base to receive.

Commander Bucher said he tried unsuccessfully for fourteen hours to put his first alert through. The *Banner* often took half a day to get its radio in code tuning with Japan. Once, when an engine failed, the *Banner* tried for twenty-four hours to establish contact and finally gave up. The Navy uses similar code radios on other ships.

The *Pueblo* inquiry asked, but did not reveal, whether, because of friction with the NSA, the ship sailed without normal self-destruction systems for classified equipment. Navy intelligence sources have had a sustained running fight with NSA on the issue that self-destruct devices are often too dangerous for pitching, rolling ships. These sources say that during storms ships often disconnect self-destruct circuits to prevent them from going off accidentally.

The basic question of the *Pueblo* is whether the spy trip was necessary. No one knows how much of the information gathered by the intelligence ships was really vital, reliable or worth the great risk. Commander Bucher himself testified that his haul of spy secrets had been meager. The *Pueblo* snooped on every North Korean shore battery and radar in range for three days, but learned nothing new, according to her skipper. One wonders if the *Pueblo* flouted North Korean threats just for idle snooping.

Certainly the government appears to have changed its mind quickly on the value of the special spy ships. Shortly after the *Pueblo* grab, the National Security Council pulled back the gumshoe fleet. The *Banner* made some token forays, mostly surrounded by the Seventh Fleet. The USS *Palm Beach* sits in Norfolk, Va. The *Liberty* was put in moth balls. However, the Navy has not completely abandoned coastline spying. It now eavesdrops with destroyers under the safety of their 5-inch guns. The two Navy destroyers that sailed along the Russian Black Sea coast last December carried listening gear.

Intelligence is essential to any government, but the risks must be weighed. Everyone in the Pentagon, from the Navy to the Joint Chiefs, called the *Pueblo* mission "lowest possible risk." Yet they sent one of the most sensitive U.S. spy ships into troubled waters, in the face of growing North Korean threats to "severely punish" the next reconnaissance mission near its shores.

Any military high command that makes such judgments must surely be scrutinized. After the *Pueblo* seizure, Rear Admiral Johnson said, "Ship spying is a whole new ball game now." The spy rules may have changed. The *Pueblo* question is: Has the military changed?

PENTAGON PROCUREMENT

# BILLION-DOLLAR GRAB BAG

**RICHARD F. KAUFMAN**

*Mr. Kaufman is on the staff of the Subcommittee on Economy in Government, chaired by Sen. William Proxmire, which has been investigating profits and costs in defense procurement.*

*Washington*

Two kinds of activities are paid for by military expenditures: the purchase of weapons, hardware and other goods; and the support of personnel, the operation and maintenance of bases, military construction and civil defense. Of last year's $79 billion Defense Department bill, $44 billion went for the former. (If military expenditures on programs outside the Pentagon were included, such as military assistance, space, atomic energy, Selective Service and veterans' assistance, the sum would be much higher.)

One of the most disturbing facts about the costs of procurement is that so much money is wasted on excessive profits and excessive costs, and is therefore unnecessary. No one knows how much waste there is, but reliable estimates run into billions a year. In 1964, the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, looking into "Pyramiding Profits and Costs in the Missile Procurement Program," concluded that the contractors had taken excessive profits, that contract costs were inflated by high initial estimates, that missiles were being procured under an "archaic system," and that "much of the defense dollar is being improvidently spent." More recent investigations by other committees and the Government Accounting Office into the procurement of planes, ships, nuclear propulsion equipment, fuel, rifles, small tools, etc., and into the use of government-owned plants and equipment, demon-



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strate that the costs of procurement are much higher than they ought to be. The Pentagon could make do with considerably less money than it gets.

This conclusion can be reached without challenging the basic assumptions of military policy, and solely on the basis of proven inefficiency, waste and profiteering by contractors, particularly the major contractors, and mismanagement of the program by high officials in the Defense Department. A recent study by an official in the Bureau of the Budget, whose duties are to analyze costs of weapons, reveals that performance of complex electronic systems tends to be poor, that deliveries are late, costs two to three times higher than the original estimates, and profits inversely correlated with poor performance—that is, the most inefficient contractors earn the highest rewards. Last year the Subcommittee on Economy in Government of the Joint Economic Committee reported "loose and flagrantly negligent management practices in the Defense procurement program."

The cumulative effect of these and many other reports should be to shift the emphasis of future investigations. Although the difficult job of digging into programs and disclosing abuses in individual cases should continue, the central question today is no longer *whether* there are exorbitant profits, padded costs, poor performance, general mismanagement of procurement, and a swollen military budget. The central question from now on is, what can be done to change the procurement system so that the military-industrial complex will be brought under social control.

The chaos and waste in present procurement policy was at least implicitly recognized last year by the effort of the House Government Operations Committee to create a commission to study government procurement. The proposal will be revived in the new Congress. Assuming the commission is established, an early tip-off as to its intentions will be its make-up. If it is dominated by defense industry spokesmen, it will probably not differ significantly from the many "business advisory groups," such as the Industrial Advisory Council (formerly the Defense Industrial Advisory Council), which now monitor and influence procurement policy.

One way to economize would be to reform present policies by legislation. Profiteering is the most blatant aberration of faulty procurement. How high should defense profits be? Present policy, if you can call it that, is contained in a body of Defense Department regulations called the Weighted Guidelines. They are supposed to help compute the right profit for any negotiated contract by specifying percentage points for factors like contractor inputs, risk and record of performance. The points are totaled during contract negotiations to arrive at the profit rate. However, like many other procurement regulations, the guidelines have been heavily influenced, as to both wording and interpretation, by the defense industry. They give an appearance of systematic method, but are in fact so flexible that Pentagon officials can use them to arrive at a high profit rate even for contracts involving a minimum of capital investment (the buyer gladly supplies interest-free cash, land, buildings and production equipment) and little, if any, risk. Since the adoption of the Weighted Guidelines in 1964, profit rates have gone up by 25 per cent. Yet strong industry pressure is now being exerted to revise the guidelines upward.

Although most procurement is negotiated, the Pentagon awards some contracts through competitive bids, and a device for insuring high profits has evolved in this area as well. This is the "buy in—get well later" formula. A contractor bids for a weapons research and development contract below his (unrevealed) estimated costs, so as to make sure that he will win. Once he is in operation, his costs skyrocket, but the Pentagon finds that it must pay them, to "get him well." In addition to being reimbursed for the tardily revealed higher costs of R and D, the contractor has also laid a foundation for negotiating the follow-on production contracts on the basis of high costs, openly stated. Once the contractor has completed the preliminary work—which was all that the original contract contemplated—it is usually too late for the government to find another potential producer; it is "locked in" with the original contractor. Incentive contracting was developed under Secretary McNamara to discourage this practice. Studies show, however, that these and various other contractural devices create "reverse incentives," whereby the contractor is motivated artificially to inflate his cost base in order to earn larger profits.

Statutory limits on profit could help. They would differ from the Weighted Guidelines in being less susceptible to favoritism—at present, the larger contractors make the larger profits—and because they could not be changed by administrative decision. Congress would establish reasonable profit ceilings. Banks and railroads are limited in the interest and rates they may charge, and today's high defense profits are inexcusable.

However, profit limitations would be no cure-all. Of last year's $44 billion for military procurement, profits probably amounted to no more than $5 billion. And while profits as customarily reported on corporate books may be reduced, the result will not necessarily be to cut the total costs. Contractors can simply enlarge their cost base to increase contract prices and offset any reduction in profit rates. Padding expenses to hide profits is an old bookkeeping technique.

What really needs to be done is to control the gross cost to the government of military procurement. It is for this reason that Adm. H. G. Rickover so strongly advocates uniform accounting standards. One of the critical stages in the procurement process is the initial negotiation. At this point costs and profit rates are agreed upon, and the government is at a serious disadvantage unless it can obtain accurate estimates from the contractor. During the performance of the contract it also needs reliable cost data in order to act on requests for reimbursement, to know whether the costs are running higher than the original estimates, and to discover whether it is being overcharged. Rickover believes that until contractors are required to adhere to uniform standards for reporting costs and profits, the government will not have such information. He reports cases where contractors charged costs to government contracts which should have been charged to



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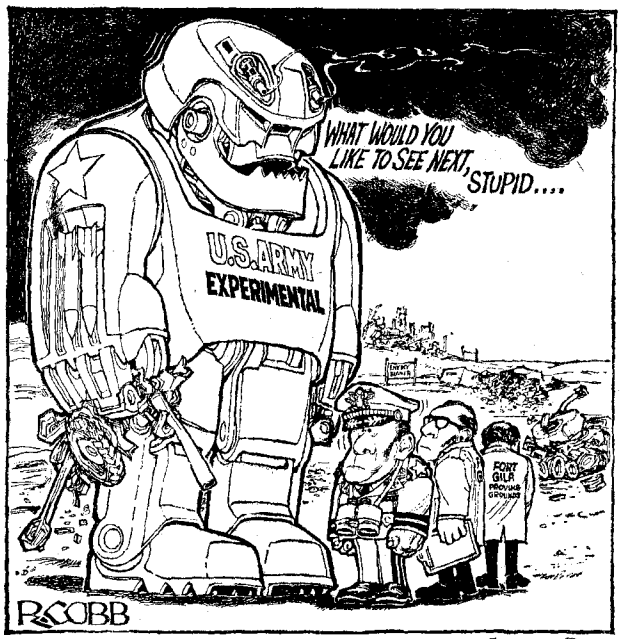
nongovernment, commercial work, and the Government Accounting Office has revealed similar situations. Rickover estimates that the imposition of uniform accounting standards alone would reduce procurement costs by more than $2 billion a year.

The absence of good cost data, aggravated by falsification in many cases, moved Congress in 1962 to enact the Truth in Negotiations Act. Without uniform accounting standards this Act is largely ineffective, but thus far it hasn't mattered much because the Pentagon has failed to enforce its mild provisions. Briefly, the Act requires contractors to submit certified cost data for all negotiated contracts. However, there is a loophole in the Act, called



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the waiver provision, which is large enough for any weapons system to fall through. It allows the procurement officer to determine that there is adequate competition for a particular item. When this subjective judgment is made, the Act is waived and the contractor is not required to submit any cost data, even though in fact the contract has been negotiated. Needless to say, the waiver provision has been liberally applied. Closing this loophole and requiring strict enforcement of the Act would be a relatively simple gesture toward reform.

A second piece of legislation that needs to be rehabilitated is the Defense Production Act. This vestigial remnant of the Korean War controls provides that production for national defense be given preference over other business, but enforcement by the Department of Commerce is accomplished in the most timid fashion. A Commerce official testified before the House Banking and Currency Committee last year that legal action against a contractor to enforce a priority has not been taken since the Korean War, despite the fact that the Pentagon has asked the Commerce Department to issue directives against companies which have rejected assigned priorities. As a first step toward breathing some life into this Act, it ought to be moved out of the Commerce Department.

A third leaky bulwark against the excesses of military contractors is the Renegotiation Act. The speeches of Rep. Henry B. Gonzalez have made the limitations of this Act well known. It is badly riddled with loopholes, sharply limited in scope and jurisdiction, and the Renegotiation Board which enforces it is seriously understaffed. Only the personal intervention of Sen. William Proxmire with the Bureau of the Budget last year prevented further staff cuts. The purpose of the Act is to recapture excessive profits earned on military contracts, but present restrictions on the board keep recoveries well below the real level of profiteering. To bring the board close to its strength in the Korean War period, the "standard commercial article" exemption, by which some of the most profitable types of procurement are exempt from review, would have to be eliminated, and its staff increased from its present level of about 200 to at least the 1953 level of 742.

As for conflict of interest, there are hardly decent standards of regulation to revise. The heavy back-and-forth flow of procurement officials and weapons salesmen between the Pentagon and corporate duty is barely touched upon by laws or regulations. The laws that do exist apply mainly to military personnel, not to civilians, and are so narrowly interpreted that they have almost no effect.

The case of Maj. Gen. Nelson M. Lynde, Jr., retired from the U.S. Army, and employed by Colt Industries, Inc., is instructive. It was investigated in 1967 by the Special Subcommittee on the M-16 Rifle Program, of the House Committee on Armed Services. From 1962 until February, 1964, General Lynde, as senior officer of the Army Weapons Command, was directly involved in the procurement of the M-16 rifle. In 1963 he personally approved the prices negotiated with Colt. Five months after retirement in 1964, he went to work for Colt. Responding to an inquiry from Lynde, the Army Adjutant General had advised that the conflict of interest law did not prohibit this employment, since his job description did not indicate that he would be selling anything to the government. Shortly after arriving at Colt, General Lynde requested of the Army copies of four classified documents, including at least one that concerned the M-16. In addition, according to the subcommittee report, Lynde was on the distribution list for many inter-company memoranda involving the M-16. As the subcommittee stated: "It is actions such as these that cause the American taxpayer to lose faith in the integrity of both military and civilian officials associated with the expenditure of millions of dollars yearly in the procurement of supplies and materiel to meet our military requirements." The subcommittee also noted with displeasure that Colt's profits on the M-16 were as high as 19.6 per cent for 1965, and that an examination of price proposals disclosed a lack of sufficient data to support cost estimates. Conflict of interest laws should be completely rewritten.

A radically different approach to procurement would be to return to the more traditional relationship of government and industry—to disengage the defense industry from government, and encourage greater competition among contractors. Disengagement would mean both less government regulation and less government sup-



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port. Managerial controls now exercised by government, it is suggested, should be returned to the companies, and much red tape surrounding contracts eliminated. At the same time, subsidies such as interest-free government financing and government-owned plant and equipment should be withdrawn. Since these forms of aid favor the larger contractors, small business would become better able to compete.

Competition could also be encouraged directly by awarding development, production and follow-on contracts separately and competitively. Lock-ins and other monopoly situations could be avoided by parallel awards and second sources. That is, more than one contract could be awarded in the early stages of R and D and of production, before the government had settled on a single contractor for the major production work. And second sources would be kept alive by reserving to the government the right to distribute designs and production techniques developed by one contractor to any of the others during the life of the contract.

The hope is that restoration of competition will force contractors to fall back on their own resources. This, in turn, would reconstitute the self-regulating mechanism of free enterprise which, according to the theory of capitalism, is the best guarantor of innovation, efficiency and lower costs. Government regulation would thus be unnecessary. Unfortunately, while economists like Murray Weidenbaum at Washington University (St. Louis) advocate more capitalism as the solution to the rising costs of procurement, the large military contractors don't want it. Why face the discipline of efficient management and the risks of competition when billions of dollars of business can be generated through the art of government grantmanship?

Political pluralism, rather than economic pluralism, is another cure offered for the abuses of military contracting. H. L. Nieburg views the boundary between the Defense Department and defense contractors as permanently wiped out. Military contracting has created quasi-public utilities within the defense industry. Rather than emphasizing the government's access to information and regulatory controls, Nieburg would enhance what he terms the existing pluralism of institutions and relationships. He would encourage the conflict among government agencies and confrontation between constituencies with opposing stakes in contract programs. New institutional arrangements can act as countervailing forces against the pressures that inflate procurement costs. His suggestions include an Office of Contract Ombudsman, an intergovernmental body to collate national programming and budgeting plans, and creation of a new court modeled after the Court of Customs and Patent Appeals to test contract award decisions.

Basic changes of the procurement system itself can also be considered. In view of mounting costs, which many believe is making it impossible to solve our serious domestic problems, *reversing*, not merely halting, the government's capacity to manufacture for its own needs may become necessary. It would be no radical departure from the American experience. In the past, the government has

## Half an Eye on $20 Billion

**ROBERT W. DIETSCH**
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Under a concept originated by Robert S. McNamara, federal programs are run through a "planned programming budget" analysis which measures costs against effectiveness. It is supposed to weed out the "unproductive" and less desirable projects, giving us more bonanza for a buck. This "PPB" management concept may have worked in some areas, but it didn't do much for Mr. McNamara's own Pentagon. Thanks to Robert P. Mayo, Director of the Bureau of the Budget under President Nixon, we now have an inkling why.

Mr. Mayo's agency has about 500 employees, but only fifty have up to now been assigned to scrutinize the Defense programs. That is, 10 per cent of Budget's staff has been in charge of items which account for 40 per cent of all federal spending ($81.5 billion in fiscal 1970). At the same time, to keep an eye on $20 billion worth of "controllable" civilian spending—things like education, food stamps, pollution control, water treatment and welfare—Budget has assigned between 100 and 150 persons.

Congress, whose "PPB" machine is better known as "Politics," has to share the blame for this lopsidedness. In recent years, a challenge to a Defense budget has been akin to sullying the flag. But now, even while Mr. Mayo was promising the Joint Economic Committee to take a stiffer look at Defense proposals, some parts of Congress are planning to do the same. Sen. Mike Mansfield, the Majority Leader, says Congress is going "to put a microscope" on the Defense budget. The Pentagon's Sentinel anti-ballistic missile system, budgeted to cost $1.8 billion in fiscal 1970, is under attack. But the generals in this battle on Capitol Hill are not the Mansfields or the McGoverns but conservatives like Stennis, McCormack, Mahon and Ford, and they are yet to be heard from.

Meanwhile, Mr. Mayo says, to the delight of the conservative Rep. William Widnall of New Jersey, "It is my intention to get tougher on Defense spending." He will also try to get a "separate, highly competent, highly skeptical staff to look at the Defense budget." In another surprise, Mr. Mayo named a special assistant to oversee military spending—a post vacant for four years. The choice is James R. Schlesinger, since 1963 director of strategic studies for the RAND Corporation.

Military spending will occupy a major part of the 1969 legislative-Executive energies. Even more important will be the struggle over long-range military programs and budgets. Study papers on the post-Vietnam economy generally talk of the need to keep defense spending high. Don't count on the "peace dividend" all going to peace, these projections say. In fiscal 1970, for example, Pentagon spending, apart from Southeast Asia, will total $52 billion. One task force, reporting under Democratic auspices, pegged Department of Defense budgets at around $70 billion in fiscal 1973, assuming that the war in Vietnam is well over by then.

Are such projected Defense increases inevitable, Mr. Mayo was asked recently. Without batting an eye he replied, "No." We shall see.



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produced everything from small arms to ordnance to ships. The great advances in nuclear energy were made in government laboratories.

When Admiral Rickover testified before the House Banking and Currency Committee last year, he suggested that those companies or their divisions whose business is almost exclusively with the government might be treated as public utilities. Such a step would be formal recognition of the fact that some contractors have a monopoly or near monopoly on certain kinds of military equipment. Instead of negotiating profit rates on the basis of total sales or costs, they would be granted a reasonable rate of return on their investment. In exchange, their books would be audited and their performance measured by a public body. This system is used in England, and a recent RAND Corporation study shows that average defense profit rates are generally much larger in the United States than in England. This is especially true of aircraft, aircraft engines and missiles, items on which we have suffered runaway price inflation over the past several years. When RAND compared rates of return on net assets for selected aerospace firms in the two countries, for the years 1956 through 1963, it found average profits for the U.S. firms to be 25.6 per cent, more than twice the level of the English firms.

Perhaps the greatest problem in the field of public affairs today is the reluctance of the average citizen to be critical of military assertions and military policy decisions. The reasons for this have little to do with the complexity of the subject, for military affairs are no more difficult to understand than any other subject. The concept of national security, which somehow is supposed to protect us from and at the same time see us through war, is veiled in secrecy, except on the most ceremonial occasions. Like some sacred cow, it has free run over our land and through our streets. The people are supposed to feed it and worship it, but not to study it.

Meantime, the vast majority of those who are expert in military affairs are either employed by or obligated to the military establishment. Despite a few notable exceptions, there is no tradition of independent military analysis in the academic or professional worlds. For the most part, those who do the analyses are those who benefit from the growth of military spending.

Military spending has proved to be a one-sided controversy, with the experts, professionals and counselors all arguing for expansion. An encouragement of military policy studies, apart from military circles of power and influence, can begin to correct this imbalance. Courses on military affairs, defense production, defense management, procurement, profiteering, the impact of military spending, to name a few, ought to be offered by every university, and not as part of ROTC or in conjunction with Defense Department grants. Departments and graduate schools for military policy studies ought to be established on many campuses, not to produce future military leaders but to train civilian military planners capable of criticizing budgets and policies, and of offering alternatives. Military research and analysis needs to be supported through nonprofit groups funded from nongovernment sources. But wresting the military budget from those who spend it will take an enormous amount of research and analysis, consideration of alternatives and argument, followed by political action. Military experts and industrial lobbyists will continue to work hard to insure that they hog more than their reasonable share—now, after Vietnam and into the forseeable future.

NEW YORK SWEEPSTAKES

# LINDSAY vs. THE FIELD

**JEROME WILSON**
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Former Mayor Robert Wagner is fond of saying that, before he had served a day in office, John Lindsay was the best Mayor the city ever had. By this criterion things have been going badly for Mr. Lindsay ever since.

Now, after four years in office, the city's "best Mayor" must go back to the people, and according to Lindsay intimates, that is precisely what the Mayor intends to do. Not that Mr. Lindsay is yet willing to make public his decision. The Mayor's style is first to let the news leak out to the opinion molders in the city, then to give his political supporters the "go" sign, and finally to inform the public of the obvious. This formal announcement of re-election intent can be expected in early April, after the legislature has adjourned at Albany, and Governor Rockefeller has left for South America on his fact-finding tour for President Nixon.

Mr. Lindsay, because of a sincere moral commitment to justice, undoubtedly will not campaign for re-election by attacking the poor—"the loafers on welfare, the chiselers in anti-poverty"—as some of his adversaries certainly will. However, Lindsay will rediscover the middle class: rent control for the high-risers in Manhattan, crime control for the fearful in Brooklyn, and as much construction as he can put on the ground for those who equate bricks and mortar with progress, will be campaign hallmarks. The purpose will be not only to hold his center constituency but to protect himself from the right flank in the Republican primary.

City-wide Republican primaries are rare in New York City, Republicans in the past having thought it hardly profitable to quarrel over who is to be beaten by the Democrats. But now a GOP primary is certain. The con-



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servative Republicans in New York State, such as Lieut. Gov. Malcolm Wilson, feel Mr. Lindsay should be challenged for two reasons. First, they feel he is really a liberal and should run under that banner, and second, they think the time is right to elect a "real" Republican. This latter conclusion is arrived at by examining the phenomenal growth of the state's Conservative Party in recent years, and calculating the aftereffects of the school strike, the police review board vote, and the backlash against urban liberalism generally.

So the Mayor faces a Republican primary and a tough one. To date, his strongest challenger is Staten Island state Sen. John Marchi, who has had both Republican and Conservative Party support in his last four elections, and who is the man most responsible for the legislative slowdown on city school decentralization at the last session. [See "City Schools & Albany Politics" by Jerome Wilson, *The Nation*, December 16, 1968.] Marchi is expected to run with state Assemblyman Al Lerner from Queens as candidate for President of the City Council. Since Lerner is Jewish and Marchi is Italian American, the ethnic-geographical trilogy of a city ticket will need a Catholic Irish American from the Bronx to run for comptroller.

It would be difficult to overemphasize the force of the Marchi challenge to Lindsay. In New York City there are almost twice as many enrolled Republicans (the only ones eligible to vote in the primary) in Queens as in Manhattan. Even the Brooklyn Republicans outnumber those in Manhattan. And if Manhattan Republicans are of the moderate Lindsay stripe—and that is by no means certain—Queens, Brooklyn and certainly Bronx Republicans are decidedly conservative. When one adds solidly conservative Republican Staten Island to this line-up, it is no surprise that certain of the city's Republican pros are willing to concede Lindsay an overwhelming Manhattan victory and still bet *even money* that he will be defeated in the primary.

Mr. Lindsay has one further handicap in such a primary, which comes this June. He ran last time (1965) as the candidate of a fusion ticket, and he wants to do the same again. But his fusion candidates for council president and comptroller would probably be rejected overwhelmingly, even if the Mayor himself did prevail.

With the enemy so torn and tattered, the Democrats are literally forming in line to run for mayor. For a time certain ranking Democrats dreamed that the young but mature, liberal though sensible, Theodore Kheel would be the party's candidate for mayor. Kheel, who has a reputation for being able to solve municipal labor crises rather than aggravate them (which some have charged is Lindsay's greatest failing) was to be the unity candidate of the party for mayor, but that carefully nurtured effort has now collapsed.

In part, the fault was Mr. Kheel's. He made it a condition for running that a broad spectrum of party leaders come out publicly and urge him to do so. Then, he would "consider." This was too much for such as Tammany Hall leader Frank Rossetti, who used to manage fighters and who likes a "hungry" candidate. A second factor in the collapse of the Kheel dream was that Arthur Goldberg and Stephen Smith, who have the power to veto the likes and dislikes of county leaders, decided to be mediators rather than advocates. The result of all this is that a leaderless Democratic Party is mediating itself into a divisive primary, after the medieval pattern of warring fiefdoms quarreling for the crown.

Klein

For example, the Democratic leader of the Bronx has come out for the Bronx's own, City Comptroller Mario Procaccino. Procaccino, who formally declared his candidacy for mayor late last month (crying tears of gratitude that an immigrant boy could aspire so high), is the leading Democratic contender. Procaccino has declined as yet to specify whether he would also accept Conservative Party endorsement in a race against Mr. Lindsay.

A few days later, both Vincent L. Broderick, former police commissioner, and Norman Frank, public relations counsel of the Patrolman's Benevolent Association, announced their intention of entering the primaries. They will be competing for the "Support Your Local Police" vote, a remark not meant facetiously in the present metropolitan atmosphere, and they might flip a coin to decide who shall have it.

The favorite of a second county leader is Howard Samuels, former head of the Small Business Administration. He is being floated by the county leader of Brooklyn. Samuels is an exotic candidate for New York City. For



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one thing, he is a native of Canandaigua, a Rochester suburb; for another he ran for lieutenant governor in 1966 as an upstate industrialist, and had difficulty enlisting labor support because his plastic clothesline manufacturing plant was non-union. Yet he runs for mayor of New York City. Late word has it that Mr. Samuels is having second thoughts. Should his candidacy completely fade, regular Democratic leaders may cluster behind the recently announced candidacy of Congressman John Murphy, although his conservative, hawkish leanings may be too much for even them to swallow.

Then, there is a pack of Democratic Reform candidates. James Scheuer, the first to declare formally, has aroused little enthusiasm to date; Robert Low, a Wagner protégé, is not quite Reform and not quite regular and may drop down to run for comptroller on the Procaccino ticket. Finally, there is William Fitts Ryan, one of the few remaining liberal public figures in the city who isn't afraid to do more than whisper his real convictions. In the Democratic Senatorial primary of 1968, New York City supported a similar progressive Democrat, Paul O'Dwyer, against a middle of the roader and a conservative. Ryan could get the same backing, if Scheuer and Low don't sap away too much of his strength.

But New York City might well be found with conservative John Marchi as the Republican candidate and conservative Mario Procaccino as the Democratic candidate. Such a contest would clearly favor the Democrats, what with their superior party registration. That is, it would favor them unless John Lindsay, teaming up perhaps with one of the Democratic reformers who had been defeated in *his* primary, launched a real fusion movement to challenge and destroy both major-party power structures in New York City.

# DEMOCRACY and the CURRICULUM

**CARL COHEN**
*Mr. Cohen teaches philosophy at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.*

Universities around the country are now engaged in heated controversy over two kinds of issue, often confused. The first is *substantive*—what requirements, if any, should be imposed for a B.A.; should a program of black studies be initiated, and how; in what form are examinations and grades to be used, if at all; and who among the faculty are to be fired, promoted, given tenure and so on. The second deals with *procedural* matters—how decisions on curricular and related matters are to be reached. Both kinds of issue are important, but the latter is fundamental. Leaving the many substantive questions (which vary from institution to institution) for the present, I shall here propose some principles for the resolution of procedural conflicts. Within a university, what are the appropriate decision-making processes for curricular affairs?

I begin with two assumptions that I think will be universally—or almost universally—accepted. The first is that, where the conditions of its successful operation are met, democracy is the best form of community government. I believe that very strongly, and I am prepared to defend democracy with rational arguments against its critics, both historical and contemporary. But, though we may differ on what conditions its success does require, it is likely that most members of most American universities will agree upon the ideal.

The second assumption is that all parties to the current controversy over curricular matters are acting honestly and in good faith. I believe that to be true. Some students appear to think that faculty judgments are masks for private interest; some faculty do think that student arguments opposing them are duplicitous in the same way. Perhaps there is some justice in both complaints; but by far the greater number, among students, faculty and administrators, are genuinely seeking the best interests of their university. I shall assume that, and with such persons shall direct my attention to procedural questions of great consequence to the long-term well-being of our universities.

Democracy is a way of making decisions in a community. It gives to each member of the community the right to an equal voice in affairs that concern the whole. We are disposed by habit to think of democracy as a way of governing political communities, because that is where its results are most impressive, its absence most painful. But it can also apply to nonpolitical communities: a church congregation, the faculty of a college, a community chess club, a cooperative residence hall, many other kinds of community.

Among the host of issues which the practice of democracy presents in every context (most of which I cannot touch upon here) two points need to be emphasized:

(*1*) Democracy can operate only where there is a specifiable and self-conscious community of some kind. It must be clear who has the right to participate in deciding what affairs. That is one reason why citizenship is so important for a democratic polity or initiation for a fraternity, or membership for whatever community is in question.

(*2*) Democracy supposes that all members of the community in which it is operative are members *equally*. The equal voice of each member stems not merely from his serious concern in the outcome of a decision but from the equality of status within it. All citizens of a democratic nation are citizens equally, though some may be wiser than others; all members of a chess club are members equally, though some may play far more expertly than others. Wisdom in the polity and skill in the chess club may be grounds for respect; they do not justify greater decision-making powers for their possessors.

This far I think all can agree, but how does all this ap-



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ply to the university? The university is not one community but many. There are the communities constituted by all undergraduate students, by all graduate students, and by all students. There are the communities constituted by the faculties of the several schools and colleges, by the several departments and institutes, and by the faculty as a whole. There are the communities constituted by groups —of both faculty and students—having special intellectual or aesthetic interests in common; dramatic societies for example, or philosophical discussion groups. There are the many residential communities of students, in the dormitories, cooperatives, etc., and some communities of combined residential-intellectual concern. There is also the greater community of the university at large. It would be hard to exhaust the list.

Probably everyone will agree that each of these communities ought to have the authority and power to decide the questions which are chiefly its business; and that within each community of equals those decisions ought to be arrived at democratically. The basic controversy in which our universities are now engaged (and are likely to be engaged for some time) arises in deciding which issues are the chief business of which communities.

This is not a simple matter, and anyone who supposes that simple answers can be given is being, literally, simple-minded. It is clear at the outset that the several communities in the university overlap, and that what is chiefly the business of one of them is also a matter of real concern to other, larger communities. Practically everyone in a university, and many outside it, are affected, more or less seriously, by the decisions of all or almost all of these internal communities. Whether, as an illustration, a colleague whom I respect and like is or is not given tenure in a department other than mine is a matter of deep concern to me. But my concern does not give me a right to participate in the decision. Tenure, in our healthy tradition, is bestowed by academic peers, persons qualified by long study and experience in that professional sphere. It is naive, in some circumstances dangerous to the well-being of the larger community, to insist that every person has a right to a decision-making voice in every affair that affects his life. That is a shallow view of democracy, and it is false.

More specifically, we are now deeply involved in questions regarding the curriculum of our colleges and universities. Whose chief business is it to make decisions in this sphere? I argue that it is the chief business of the community constituted by the faculty of the college in question. I believe that curricular decisions—say about requirements for degrees, standards and examinations—should be made democratically within the community responsible for the outcome of those decisions. I could defend this claim at great length. Briefly, I suggest two kinds of reasons why the responsibility lies there and not elsewhere.

First, the nature of the university as an institution places certain obligations upon the faculty which they can fulfill only if they control the curriculum. Faculty members are appointed to teach, to guide student study and research, and to do so in ways for which they are specially qualified. Further, the faculty has a certifying duty. Through boards of governors and deans the faculty ultimately must decide whether certain students are to receive the degree Bachelor of Arts, or other such certificates. If they are to make this decision, and if they are to mean what they intend to mean by doing so, *they* must decide what will qualify persons for the receipt of such degrees. They cannot delegate that power, or share it, any more than an attorney or a physician can delegate or share the power to make his professional decisions (except on occasion with other attorneys or physicians). Will we not agree that the decisions faced by the professor in the arts and sciences, the challenges faced by a professional educator, are as demanding, as intellectual, as professionally serious as those encountered in medicine or the law? Designing the curriculum, implementing it, evaluating the work of those students who pursue it, are all very important parts of the job of the faculty. It is quite understandable that students who are affected by such decisions would like to share in making them, but that desire does not give them a right to do so. Certainly they should not hope to get that right as a consequence of any reputable democratic theory. This factor of institutional responsibility I find compelling by itself.

Second, beyond the matter of responsibility, is the factor of competence. This is a delicate point, one upon which I know many good students are sensitive, and I want very much not to be misunderstood here. I believe it is possible to characterize groups—statistically, as it were—as having (or tending to have) certain talents or training, without making the ensuing distinctions invidiously. No doubt there are some matters on which students, as a body, are more competent than faculty; on other matters the faculty, as a body, is markedly more able and better prepared to act than are students. Among the latter are curricular affairs. I respect the integrity and intellect of my students. I am often proud of them; I know that a number of them will one day join the faculty of my own or like institutions. But false flattery is good for no one, and it is false flattery to refuse to make some discriminations that need to be made in this connection. To say that the faculty is the group most likely to reach wise curricular decisions is not meant offensively, or pejoratively, or condescendingly. It is plain honesty, the honesty we owe one another.

Curricular decisions are difficult. They have wide ramifications, for students (past, present and future), for the faculty itself (what they will teach, and how), for the secondary schools, for the graduate schools, for other universities, and for the society as a whole. It is hard to weigh all these factors fairly, and no person or body can be expected to do so perfectly. Corrections and adjustments will always be in order. But in a university there is no body more to be relied upon for the making of such decisions than the faculty itself. I emphasize again that this is not to express distrust or contempt for students, who are, in my view, for the most part serious, highly intelligent, and devoted to their university. The greater competence of the faculty in this sphere is largely a matter of education and experience. That does not mean the faculty is exempt from error. On the topics now hotly contested in some universities, they may well be in error. But our larger concern is how, over the long run, these decisions



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are likely to be best made. Careful reflection obliges me to conclude that entrusting those decisions to a body partly consisting of persons with a far smaller degree of experience and knowledge on the matters to be decided is simply foolish. It is not democracy but an unthinking Populism that supposes all persons, or all students, to be as competent to decide professional questions as persons who have devoted much of their lives to those very questions.

To this it is sometimes replied that students are lower in competence in this sphere simply because they are effectively kept from engaging in the very activities which develop this competence—so that the argument against student voting power is here viciously circular. I would respond first that a denial of the right to vote on these matters is not a denial of the right to participate vigorously in the deliberations upon them. But second, and more important, the criticism misses the force of my argument. The competence of which I have spoken is not simply a skill, to be developed with a few weeks or months of practice or experience. It is a competence flowing from long study, long association with liberally educated men, and long reflection upon the goals, methods and substance of university education. That competence is an essential element of the excellence of a faculty, in which the entire community takes pride. Is this character of the faculty something that serious students would really want to deny?

I find also the factor of competence by itself entirely persuasive in this argument. Unlike institutional responsibility, it does not speak to the question of the rights of respective bodies but to the wisdom of entrusting certain tasks to certain bodies. Taken together, the two factors of competence and institutional responsibility are overwhelming in their force.

Still, the demand of some students for a role in curricular decision making does have some plausibility. Can we do justice to that demand, while adhering to the conclusions reached above? I think we can.

First, a clarification. Part of the plausibility of some student demands rests upon a confusion over the nature of the larger community in which the decisions are being made. There *is* a community consisting of both faculty and students, having the pursuit of learning as its central purpose; my students and I are bound together in an enterprise that marks us off from much of the rest of the world, and often brings us very close together. The university as a community of scholars *is* an honorable and appropriate ideal. But it is slipshod thinking to infer from the existence of this community that every decision having wide effect within it must be shared equally and universally by its members. Both students and faculty are members of the university community, to be sure, but they are not members of the same kind or status. In the nature of the case they cannot be members equal in every way. This is not paternalism; it is a fact, and one in which the serious student will take pride. His faculty has been carefully selected, screened, tested, in a host of ways, over a period of many years. The qualifications required of the faculty member for membership in the university, his authorization to participate, come from a wholly different source in a wholly different way from those of the student. To suppose that enrollment as a student, after completing high school, entitles one to a role on professional issues similar to that of the faculty is downright foolish.

On the other side, there are two respects in which the student quest for a voice in university affairs is entirely just. First, where the questions to be decided are not professional but concern every member of the community in the same way; or where they concern the rights of individuals to pursue their private business—questions, say, regarding the driving of automobiles on campus, or regarding the private lives of students or faculty—student voices are every bit the equal of faculty voices. In my view, our universities have been much too slow to recognize this, but in this area we are changing rapidly for the better. It is not the university's business how a student dresses, or whom he entertains in his room, or how; any more than it is the business of the high school how a student wears his hair. Students and faculty both are right in demanding control over what are chiefly their own affairs.

The second point is that students do have a major role in making curricular decisions. Their role is a key one because the curriculum is designed, not by them but for their use and benefit. Their voices must be heard, and their views should have a real effect upon the decisions made. The information students can provide, their judgments on how curricular matters have been and are being handled, can come from no other source. Their participation is vitally important.

But there is an important difference between having a role in the ongoing debate, and having part of the decision-making power. The students are the ones to whom the requirements and examinations and other such matters must apply. It is inevitable that in some cases these applications will result in disappointment or unhappiness. It is therefore inappropriate and unwise to make any student representative responsible for helping to determine these standards. He cannot avoid being utterly compromised when put in such a position.

When student decision-making power begins to operate



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in this sphere, the academic rigor of the institution is seriously threatened. A great deal of experience in this and other countries, attests to the accuracy of this warning. I have taught in several Latin American universities; I do not wish to denigrate them or their students, who evince more social responsibility than most other elements in their communities. But student power over purely curricular affairs has resulted there, as it may here, in a corruption of the appropriate intellectual relations of students and faculty. The focus of university affairs shifts from learning to intramural politics. Students play an increasingly larger role in the hiring and promotion of staff. Standards drop. I dread all that. I used to think that the analogy between these universities and ours was unrealistic; after reflecting upon recent events on my own and other American campuses, I am convinced that we are subject to what is essentially the same deterioration. The only way to avoid it is to develop rational principles for decision making in curricular (and similar) affairs, and stick to them. [See "The Yanqui University: Ships That Pass in the Night" by Ronald Hilton, *The Nation*, August 28, 1967.]

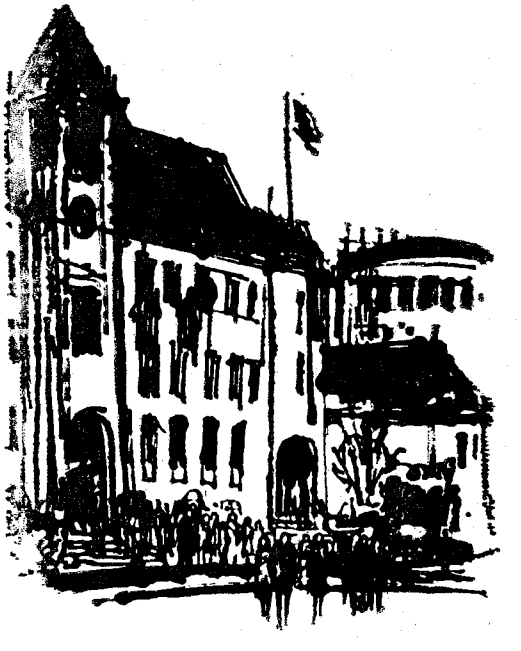
What then is the proper course? Specifically, I urge that students be given a full and genuine opportunity to present their views on curricular matters as forcefully and as rationally as possible. Along with this is the need for a rapid increase in the sensitivity and responsiveness of the entire university community to the needs and interests of students. How develop that responsiveness? We must work on two fronts. On the formal side, we must open up new channels for representative student participation in policy-making committees, both on college and departmental levels. Here it is important not only that faculty have an opportunity to hear student opinions and judgments but that such student spokesmen be genuinely representative of, and responsive to, their student constituencies. In this area it seems clear that good progress is being made. Perhaps even more important than these formal channels, however, are the informal patterns of student influence on academic matters. Here the problem is more severe, because the great size of our universities makes very difficult a comfortable, easy and effective communication between students and faculty. We must think hard about the redesign of our institutional structure into units with which students can identify themselves more closely —the Residential College at the University of Michigan is one good example—and in which their direct, informal participation can have appropriate influence.

But I also urge that the hard decisions on curricular design and requirements remain entirely in the hands of the faculty. This means, bluntly, that in resolving such matters student representatives ought not to have a vote, either in the faculty as a body, or in the curriculum committees which investigate for the faculty, deliberate as an arm of the faculty, and make recommendations to it.

One proposal that is frequently made must be rejected. It is that, to reduce the present tension, students be given two or three votes on certain key committees of the faculty or administration. This is only to throw the students a bone; it will irritate, frustrate, and do no good. In the first place, it is a mistake to vest such power in student members of committees with the thought that the faculty retains the right of review, because the faculty as a whole is not in a position to redo the work of its committees, and is obliged to rely upon them heavily. A committee of the faculty is its instrument and should represent it. Other interested parties must be heard, but neither justice nor wisdom requires their enfranchisement. In the second place, those who seek student control in this sphere will not be appeased. If they are right in principle, two or three votes are not enough; they ought then to have at least half the votes, probably two-thirds or three-fourths of them. After all, there are more of them and they are likely to be more directly affected by particular decisions than the faculty members who make them. We must reject on rational grounds the principle that simply being affected by a decision necessarily entitles one to a voice in making it. We must look to the proper business of our several overlapping communities.

If I am accused of undue conservatism, I would note that the long years of academic tradition in our universities, their respect for books and ideas, their intellectual standards, deserve very much to be conserved. Many things need to be changed in our universities and many more in our society. But it doesn't follow that everything needs to be thrown out.

A further dimension of the entire issue of decision making in the university has been too little appreciated on our campuses recently. A historical reminder is in order. American universities have long fought the battle against special-interest groups—the American Legion and others similarly well intentioned—that have sought to impose curricular requirements from without. Courses in American history, anti-communism and others, have been strongly urged as statutory requirements for university degrees. With some difficulty such pressures have, for the most part, been successfully resisted on the solid ground that degree requirements and like matters are professional





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affairs, the proper province of the faculty, not the general public, even though the public is affected by the decisions made.

If this principle be given up in the present disputes, universities—especially public universities—will be subject once again to a barrage of demands for curricular changes by nonprofessional groups which have strong convictions, some articulate support, and are genuinely affected by the outcome. The intellectual strength and independence of our universities will be threatened from without.

It is true, of course, that student demands for voting power are within the university, not outside it. But students are surely no more qualified than alumni in these affairs, or than graduates of other institutions who happen to hold political power. If the principle be now accepted that simply being affected by a decision gives one a right to help make it, the American university will suffer a series of major defeats. The result will not only be the wrongful subjection of the university to political pressure, and the weakening of its intellectual stance; it will tend, as well, to work directly against such wholesome progress as our student critics now seek.

In the interests of the universities as independent institutions, as well as the interests of its several members, it is important that faculty responsibilities be clearly recognized and firmly fulfilled.

Three final comments. First: Note that I have said nothing about the wisdom of specific curricular arrangements now in force, or of the changes in them that have been proposed. I am chiefly concerned here with how we ought to make the decisions on these matters. I hope that those who disagree with me will share my concern that we distinguish these questions, for the sake of intellectual clarity.

Second: My own view is that important decisions in a university, including those regarding curriculum, should be made, to the greatest extent feasible, democratically. Perhaps I am wrong in my understanding of democracy; but I earnestly hope that all those, students and faculty who share the democratic ideal, will do it the honor of reflecting carefully upon its proper application. Let us not be guilty of cheapening our own ideals with careless rhetoric, as so many of our political leaders have so frequently done to our distress and shame.

Third: Even if agreement on these matters is not reached, now or soon, I repeat my conviction that the vast majority of the participants in the ongoing debate are serious and honest. That seriousness and honesty can best be recognized and made effective in a context in which all of the arguments on all sides are carefully heard and weighed, composure and rationality maintained, threats avoided. That, as J. S. Mill remarked, is the real morality of public discussion. I urge that it be respected.

FROM RAGS TO NIXON

# CLEMENT STONE FEELS GREAT

**LOIS WILLE**
*Mrs. Wille is a Pulitzer Prize-winning Chicago* Daily News *reporter who specializes in welfare issues, mental health, civil liberties.*

*Chicago*

W. Clement Stone, 67, is an immensely wealthy Chicago insurance man obsessed with the idea of planting a "positive mental attitude" in every lazy mind throughout the world. "In all the civilized peoples," he says, "and all the barbarians as well." Until January 20 he was pretty much a one-man show, exhorting listeners to think positively whenever and wherever someone asked him to speak, and sending his preachy self-help books around the country. "Success is achieved by those who *try*," he would bellow to his audiences of school children, home economics clubs and sales conventions. "Act like a winner and you *are* a winner." "What the mind can conceive and believe, the mind can *achieve*."

For years Chicago has thought of him fondly as its own charming, eccentric, paunchy little multimillionaire ($400 million, at last count). His pencil-thin black mustache, his $4 black cigars (he bought three warehouses of Havanas just before Castro overthrew Batista), his glossy black suits, his gleaming black-and-white shoes and his one-note laugh (AAAAAAAAAA-haaaaaaa) were tolerated, particularly since he has given away more than $25 million to favorite causes. Some of them are the Boys Clubs of America, mental health, prisoner rehabilitation, the United Presbyterian Church, and the training of clergymen for family counseling.

But with the inauguration of President Nixon, Stone no longer belongs just to Chicago. So it is timely for the rest of the world to meet him, and to Prepare to Achieve, as Stone would say. He was one of the biggest donors in the Nixon campaign, giving close to $500,000, and that is a large political IOU. Stone had his eye on a Cabinet appointment, possibly to Health, Education and Welfare. That didn't come, but he now says he hopes to be a "citizen-adviser" to the new Administration, with a mission to overhaul HEW.

So far there has been no official word from Nixon, but in Chicago in January, at a lavish dinner Stone threw for 550 top Illinois Republicans, a few Democrats and a few blacks, Nixon kept thanking "Clem here" and throwing an arm around Stone's shoulders. "I'm so happy Clem here brought us all together," Nixon said. "Democrats, and all the great races."

If Stone does get a crack at redesigning HEW, a few of his recent actions suggest the direction it would



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take. Last December he sent a bushel of flowers to his embattled pal S. I. Hayakawa, acting president of San Francisco State College. He also assigned his West Coast public relations man, Mike Teilmann, to advise Hayakawa. Stone said he himself told Hayakawa to agree to nothing under threat or duress; Hayakawa will succeed, according to Stone, "if those students who are using this brute force are really fearful they are going to be incarcerated and stay there."

A few weeks earlier, at a Washington conference of the National School Boards Association, Stone scolded professional educators and school board members for not teaching "PMA"—a positive mental attitude. "You don't

motivate children," he told them in a booming voice. "You don't teach character and guts." He said they could all take a lesson from him, because "in these days anyone can acquire wealth."

At this point his educator-audience began to hoot and jeer in an unscholarly manner. "How, tell me how to get rich?" one man shouted. Stone answered that a $10,000 investment made in his Combined Insurance Company of America in 1951 would be worth today $8 million.

More hoots from the educators, and before long Stone was heckled off the stage. One young woman who heard him speak at a dinner meeting of home economists—an eighty-minute speech, she points out—came away bemused. "He told us to say, 'Day by day I'm getting better and better,' fifty times in the morning and fifty times at night. He said the one magazine that has the courage to uplift and motivate people is the *Reader's Digest*. And then we all had to stand and shout in unison: 'I feel happy, I feel healthy, I feel terrific.'"

Stone himself recalls one four-hour talk he recently gave to a group of neighborhood people on Chicago's black, poor near Southwest Side. "There were some who thought it was all for the birds," he says. "That's an expression the kids use. But when I finished, I think I had given them hope. That's the key. In dealing with these wonderful Negro people, you have to get them to laugh, relax, enjoy it—and then give them hope. Their parents didn't give it to them, and neither did our schools.

"We're not going to win a war on poverty until we change the attitudes of people by teaching the art of motivation. And by teaching honesty, integrity, respect for law and order, the courage to say no."

Stone works tirelessly toward this goal. His assorted philanthropic foundations film movies, record speeches, run workshops for teachers and clergymen. Interviewed in his modest office building in a rundown North Side Chicago neighborhood (he doesn't believe in wasting money on property), he talked in slogans, as he always does.

"If you say you can't, you can't. If you say you can, you can. Riiiiight? It's a simple psychological device. The Communists use it all the time, that's why they've got the break on us. They say something ridiculous and they repeat it and repeat it until they believe it, and pretty soon we believe it, too.

"Remember, every human has a computer inside that can be trained in a certain way."

Stone believes the mind can force the emotions and body to do exactly what it wants them to do. He, for example, says he can think himself out of a headache, immediately. Or think himself to sleep, instantly. Or think himself into $400 million—although that took a few decades.

Stone may sound rather foolish when he recites, "If you want to be enthusiastic, *act* enthusiastically." "With every adversity, there is the seed of an equivalent or greater benefit." It is easy to laugh at him as just another of Nixon's Billy Graham-Norman Vincent Peale prayer-breakfast-set. But underneath the 23-skidoo style of expression, there are the basic elements of behavioral psychology. A psychiatrist who has worked with him on a number of worthy causes makes the point: "His theory about the mind controlling the emotions—that's really the goal of psychotherapy, isn't it?"

At any rate, PMA has worked for him. It all began, he says, when he was a poor little waif peering into a candy-shop window on Chicago's South Side. He was 6 years old, the only child of a widowed seamstress, and he had no money to buy candy.

"An old man used to come in for peppermint every day," he says. "I thought how wonderful to be rich and buy peppermint candy every day. And a big dill pickle from the vat at the grocery store."

To get money for candy, 6-year-old Billy Stone arranged with a newsstand vendor to sell papers at 31st Street and Cottage Grove. He lugged them into a nearby restaurant. The owner threw him out; he sneaked back in, the owner threw him out again; he sneaked back in again—and pretty soon the customers were so charmed they bought all his papers. (Lesson: "When you set out to do something, don't come back until you have done it.") By the time he was 13, Billy had his own newspaper stand at 61st Street and South Park.

When he was a teen-ager his mother became an in-



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surance agent and he helped her sell after school. At 16 he was earning more money than Mom; so he quit high school and sold full-time.

Even as a little boy, Stone had an extraordinarily powerful will. He remembers being terribly afraid of thunderstorms, and hiding under his bed. But he decided he should not be afraid, because fear is a useless emotion. So one night when he was home alone during an awful storm he forced himself to crawl to a window and stare at the lightning. He quivered and whimpered, but he stayed at the window. He did that whenever it stormed, and now he says he loves to gaze at lightning. (Lesson: "Thinking will not overcome fear, but action will.")

That strong mind never wavered, apparently even during adolescence. At 16 he decided that when he was 21 he would marry a high school classmate, Jessie Tarson. He heard her speak during a campaign for class office, and was impressed by her mind. Besides, she was a very pretty blonde. (Lesson: "A wife is the greatest environmental influence a man can have. Choose carefully.")

He wanted to have his own business before he was married. So, at 20, with $100 capital, he rented desk space at $25 a month in a Loop building and set up his own insurance agency. He decided to use "W. Clement" instead of "William C." because he wanted a name people would remember.

In the mornings he went to YMCA Central High School to get his diploma, and late in the day and at night he sold insurance. And how he sold. "On my first day, I worked on North Clark Street within a few blocks of the place where I was staying, and I made fifty-four sales." He earned enough to marry Jessie at 21, just as he said he would. (Lesson: "The inner urge of your feelings, emotions and instincts gives you GO POWER. But want only what is good for you, never what is bad for you.")

Stone was a spectacular insurance salesman. In one nine-day period, he averaged seventy-two policies a day. By persuading office managers to let him give his sales talk to groups of their employees, he sometimes hit 100 policies a day. His biggest day was 122 policies. After that splendid performance, he decided to make even more money by multiplying himself—hiring and training salesmen. The next step was designing his own accident policy, and then forming his own company. About this time, in the late 1920s, he came across psychotherapist Emile Coué's concept of autosuggestion ("Every day in every way I am getting better and better"), and he's been a disciple ever since.


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The depression years were rough and he sank into debt, but he rode out during the postwar boom and became a millionaire. There have been a few wrinkles. In the early 1950s, the Federal Trade Commission charged him with false and misleading advertising, but after lengthy hearings the charges were dropped. In 1963, the regional Internal Revenue Service said his company owed $6.4 million in back taxes because it had wrongly classified itself on returns. But Stone's good friend and attorney, W. Russell Arrington, the Republican leader of the Illinois Senate, argued the case in Washington and the local decision was reversed.

For a man of his wealth, Stone has modest tastes. He owns no yacht, no private plane, and in 1967 he bought a new Cadillac El Dorado because his Cadillac Fleetwood had turned seven years old. His stone house on the lake in suburban Evanston is handsome and full of good, heavy furniture, candelabra, thick rugs and brocade drapes. But it is not overwhelmingly lavish, and the rose sofa in his crowded second-floor study is threadbare.

When he and Jessie travel, it is almost always a business trip. "I believe in mixing business with pleasure," he says. "We operate in New Zealand, Australia, the Caribbean, England (it's only a matter of time until we're in all the countries where making money is safe). So if we go to Switzerland, for example, we're there because we're looking at the possibilities of opening branches."

Everything he does, it seems, is geared to accomplishing something positive. His breakfast is only the most energizing foods: poached eggs, whole wheat toast, milk, an envelope of gelatine dissolved in fruit juice, bacon "with all the fat fried completely out." Lunch is milk, coffee and soup in his office. He sleeps for about an hour after lunch in a little adjoining room, and again for an hour after dinner. Then he works and writes speeches until midnight in his Evanston study.

Stone's idea of a big evening on the town is a restaurant in Chicago's Chinatown, or a little Mexican place. "I like the way they fix Mexican food up here," he says. "But not down there—too spicy." His favorite dessert, which he describes with joy, is vanilla ice cream with chocolate milk. "Ever try that? Or if you want a variation, try chocolate ice cream with chocolate milk."

The Stones have three children. W. Clement, Jr., is head of the company's London office, Norman recently gave up an investment business to study art in California, and Dorothy is engaged to a Chicago attorney, David Bradshaw. He's proud of them, he says, but on reflection he thinks he made a mistake raising them. "Like everyone else," he says, "we perhaps thought too much of making them happy. People today make it too easy for their children. Struggle is good for you. You weaken a person by doing too much for him. So that's why the welfare state concept is horrible, that government will take care of you, whether you work or not. That's one reason why I say, let's have a change in the Welfare Department, in OEO. Let's teach character—let's *motivate*." The ex-newsboy with a taste for peppermint candy would now like to show HEW how it should be done.



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# BOOKS & THE ARTS

## A Balance of Horror and Heroism

THE 900 DAYS: The Siege of Leningrad. *By Harrison E. Salisbury. Harper & Row. 635 pp. $10.*

**ALEXANDER WERTH**
*Mr. Werth,* The Nation*'s European correspondent, spent the war years of 1941-46 as Russian correspondent for the* Sunday Times, *London, and the B.B.C.*

This is a superb book, worthy of its subject. Leningrad was a city of more than 3 million in 1941. At least a million Leningraders died of hunger during the 900 days of the blockade—most of them in the terrible winter of 1941-42, or as a result of this unequaled ordeal. Like Harrison Salisbury, I have always felt that the tragedy of the city had been deliberately played down by Moscow, which had encouraged the publication of hundreds of books on the Battle of Moscow or the Battle of Stalingrad, or great victories like the capture of Berlin in May, 1945, but was not keen on too much being said about the siege of Leningrad. Yet, as Salisbury says, ten times more people died in Leningrad than in Hiroshima. This fact in itself must well have raised the awkward question in every mind: whose fault was it? But the playing down of the Leningrad saga had deeper causes —Stalin's and the Moscow bureaucracy's extreme and chronic distrust of the most Western, most anti-Muscovite city in Russia.

Salisbury starts his story with a kind of prelude to the Leningrad tragedy. He deals first with Russia's lamentable unpreparedness for the German invasion on June 22, 1941, and with Stalin's incredible miscalculation that, although he thought a German attack inevitable, he might postpone it by a few months or even a few weeks. If, indeed, the Germans had attacked just a month later, the Russians, in the interval, could have taken some additional precautions. The Germans then would have been unlikely to achieve the gains made from June to October. In that period, Leningrad was encircled, Moscow was in the gravest danger of being captured, and practically the whole of the Ukraine and the Crimea had been overrun, along with the Baltic Republics and Belorussia, which had been captured within a few days of the invasion.

The initial aim of Hitler's Plan Barbarossa, finally approved on December 18, 1940 (shortly after Molotov's famous visit to Berlin), was to make a three-pronged attack, aiming at Leningrad in the north, Moscow in the center and Rostov in the south, with the whole of European Russia being then occupied along a line running from Archangel to the Caspian. The blitzkrieg seemed indeed, for several weeks, to be going according to schedule. But two rather unexpected things happened. In the Battle of Kiev, the Russians suffered one of the greatest debacles (losing, according to the Germans, 600,000 men in the encirclement, after which there was a huge gap through which they could crash ahead to Rostov and the Crimea), but the German attack in the center was slowed down at Smolensk, while the advance on Leningrad was not as rapid as they had hoped.

Salisbury rightly attaches the greatest importance to the Luga Line (about 100 miles southwest of Leningrad) which had been fortified in a rudimentary manner by many thousands of civilians armed mainly with picks and shovels, and defended by more or less improvised troops, untrained and badly armed. Despite appalling losses, and the vast German superiority in armor and aircraft, these defenders still made the Luga battle what one Nazi officer called "the road to death." Von Leeb, commander of the Army Group Nord, called desperately for reinforcements —if Leningrad was to be captured on time. But the German High Command was otherwise engaged. Though the Luga Line finally crumbled, it had held up the Germans for a precious month, thanks above all, according to the Leningrad Party Secretary, Kuznetsov, to the People's Volunteers, who attacked the German tanks with no more than Molotov cocktails.

What happened between the final collapse of the Luga Line and the appearance of the German tanks on the outskirts of Leningrad is a story of extreme complexity, and no one has disentangled it as well as Salisbury. He has studied innumerable official documents, memoirs by officers and generals, Russian historical studies and personal statements made to him by people who witnessed the tragic, often disorderly, retreat from the Luga Line to the outskirts of Leningrad. He is also much concerned with the relations between army chief Voroshilov, party boss Zhdanov and Leningrad Mayor Popkov, on the one hand, and Stalin on the other.

Stalin appears to have been infuriated by the Leningrad Defense Council these three had set up independently of Moscow, and Salisbury attributes the recall of Voroshilov and his replacement about September 11 by Georgi Zhukov to the excessive independence Voroshilov and the Leningraders had shown. This is a controversial point. The opinion I often heard in Leningrad, both in 1943 and later, was that Voroshilov was incompetent, and had lost his head. He apparently assumed that Leningrad could not be saved, and personally led Russian troops into murderous attacks, in the hope of dying a heroic death from a German bullet. There is also the not entirely resolved question whether Stalin himself was prepared at some stage to surrender Leningrad. But it seems certain that during the most critical moments he was not at all sure that Leningrad could be held. Hence the plan—mentioned by Stalin to Churchill—to scuttle the Soviet Baltic Navy—if it came to the worst.

In this first part of Salisbury's story there are many other little-known stories. For example, he reports on the sabotage and armed attacks which the hard-pressed Russian troops met from highly organized nationalist and pro-Nazi elements in all three of the Baltic Republics; or on the fearful Russian disaster of Tallinn, that tragic and grossly mismanaged "Dunkirk" from which most of the Russian warships finally escaped to Kronstadt and Leningrad, while the unarmed troop transports carrying thousands of soldiers were left to be sunk by German dive bombers.

Did Zhukov actually "save" Leningrad? Everything shows that both the military leadership and the organizing ability shown by Zhukov compared most favorably with Voroshilov's, and his presence may well have had a good effect on the shattered and demoralized Russian troops who were now converging on Leningrad. But there is another factor which may have been of decisive importance in stiffening the morale of the troops once they were only a few miles from the city. In 1967, I had a number of long talks with Alexander Rosen, the Leningrad novelist, who was a war correspondent during those grim days. He described what he called "a unique psychological phenomenon in the whole



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history of the war": Leningrad's civilian population rejected the very thought that Leningrad could be abandoned and communicated this to the army. "If," Rosen said, "it was the soldiers who saved Moscow while the civilians panicked and fled, in Leningrad it was the other way round; the soldiers would not have fought as fanatically and often suicidally as they did at the gates of Leningrad if they had not been persuaded to do so by the spirit shown by the civilian population and such supremely brave volunteers as the workers of Kolpino's armaments plant south of Leningrad; the example of holding the plant against fearful odds was so inspiring that to do anything less was shameful."

At the beginning of September the Germans captured Mga, thus cutting Leningrad's last railway link with Moscow and, a few days later, they pushed on to Lake Ladoga, thus completing the encirclement of the city.

One of the most crucial questions discussed in Salisbury's book is the role of Zhdanov who presided over the city's destinies throughout the siege as the Leningrad party boss. Salisbury leaves no doubt that Zhdanov was one of the most odious figures produced by the Stalin regime. The purges of the 1930s were even fiercer in Leningrad than elsewhere, and it was Zhdanov (succeeding Kirov after the latter's assassination in 1934) who had urged Stalin to appoint Yezhov head of the NKVD. From the records of the 22nd Party Congress of 1961, it is clear that Zhdanov was the number-one Guilty Man of the great purges in Leningrad; what these purges were like we know from books like Akhmatova's *Requiem* and Lydia Chukovskaya's *Deserted House*. After the war, Zhdanov distinguished himself as Stalin's abominable arts dictator. But according to Salisbury, there was the sharpest rivalry between Zhdanov, as the head man in Leningrad on the one hand, and Beria and Malenkov on the other (the latter perhaps hoping that Zhdanov would break his neck in Leningrad). Though Zhdanov is treated in the book almost sympathetically, Salisbury does not deny some of Zhdanov's awesome responsibilities. The idea that Leningrad would be encircled never seems to have entered his head, and therefore no provision was made for either laying in adequate food stores in case of a blockade, or for evacuating the bulk of the civilian population. Instead, he used hundreds of thousands of civilians to build fortifications in the fruitless hope that the city would not be encircled. Not that the evacuation of the city would have been popular; the Leningrad people, unlike those of Moscow, had faith in their city's holding out, whatever happened.

## CRICKET POEM

*Crickets feast on moth hearts.*
*The arms fork up the golden nuggets!*
*And then the eyes shine fearlessly.*

TIMOTHY BALAND

Having collected masses of verbal and written evidence on conditions during the famine, Salisbury gives one of the most tragic and gruesome pictures of the fearful winter of the blockade. Without light, heating, transport or food, many thousands died, at home or in the street—sometimes as many as 10,000 a day in the first months of 1942. Driven half insane, people ate pieces of human flesh cut off the corpses lying in the streets, and there were certainly cases of cannibalism when children, in particular, were kidnapped, murdered, and then eaten. But Salisbury hesitates to say how common these practices were, though he has little doubt that the "meat patties" sold in the Haymarket (the main scene of Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*) consisted wholly or partly of human flesh. The hungry customers did not inquire too closely into what they were buying. That cats and dogs were eaten is equally certain; a friend of mine saved his life by cutting the throat of a neighbor's dog (itself half dead with hunger) and sucked its blood.

Much more common, however, than the resort to cannibalism was the feeling of resignation with which about a million died, with a last comforting thought perhaps that he (or she) was merely a war casualty, in unconquered Leningrad.

The worst was over by February, 1942, when the Ice Road across Lake Ladoga was organized to evacuate a large part of the survivors and to bring in supplies for those still in the city. It was an important feat of organization for which Zhdanov is given some share of the credit, as are also Kalinin, Mikoyan and Kosygin.

The story of those months in Leningrad is fairly well known; but Salisbury breaks new ground when he deals with military operations which led to saving the city. The abortive attempts to break the blockade in the winter of 1942, and later with undernourished and underequipped troops, make some of the saddest pages in the book.

In the final section, Salisbury deals with the "Leningrad Affair" of 1949 when, after Zhdanov's death, the party leadership of Leningrad was liquidated, and many hundreds (or thousands, possibly) were shot or deported. I do not here agree entirely with Salisbury. These people were, in his view, Zhdanov's friends, and now that Zhdanov had suddenly died in August, 1948, the time of reckoning had come. I doubt whether their association with Zhdanov was considered their greatest crime. What Stalin held against them was their Leningrad particularism, their desire, by every means, to glorify the heroic defense of the city by its soldiers, and also by its population, and their aim to show that what had been done by the people of Leningrad was nobler and different from what had happened elsewhere.

When I was in Leningrad in 1943, while the blockade and the shelling of the city were still on, I spoke to P. N. Popkov, the Mayor of Leningrad. He said then that he hoped Leningrad would receive special recognition and would become the capital of Russia proper (the RSFSR), as distinct from Moscow, which would remain the capital of the USSR. Such thoughts were wholly unacceptable to Stalin, and Salisbury gives many examples of how Stalin, and his Muscovite centralizers, wanted the very memory of Leningrad's defense to be erased as far as possible. Books, films, exhibitions showing the mass heroism of the Leningrad people—a heroism with which Stalin had little or nothing to do—were prohibited one after another. Although Zhdanov happened to be party boss of Leningrad during the war, there seems no evidence that he himself developed any kind of Leningrad particularism or local patriotism; indeed, in 1946 he started his literary purge *in Leningrad*, singling out for special abuse the purest Leningrad poet, Anna Akhmatova, sneering at her, and at her love of the Bronze Horseman and the Summer Garden. Zhdanov was the typical *tolstomordyi* (as Pasternak used to say)—the real "fat-snout" Kremlin bureaucrat; that Beria, an equally odious character, was his enemy in the Kremlin rat race for power during the years before Stalin's death, did not make Zhdanov any more estimable.

And maybe Salisbury is right, after all, in being fairly charitable to Zhdanov. On balance, not only Zhdanov but also Stalin himself, and Malenkov, Mikoyan, Kosygin, Voznesensky, and perhaps even Beria, played a "positive" role in the conduct of the most fearful war in Russian history (in which the country lost 20 million people), if one is to go by the final result. But it is clear also that Stalin's bungling in June, 1941, was responsible for the loss of perhaps 10 million lives, just as Zhdanov's lack of foresight helped to condemn more than a million Leningraders to starvation. When the chips were down, both attempted to avert defeat—and succeeded. This juxtaposition of fearful mistakes and final success is at the center of the quarrel inside Russia today between the Stalinites and anti-Stalinites. Zhdanov, one of the



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central figures in the Leningrad story, was a Stalin in miniature, and Salisbury carefully weighs his pros and cons, but refrains from giving a clear guilty or not-guilty verdict. This, I am sure, is the correct historical method.

What emerges most clearly from the admirably documented human drama Salisbury tells here is the striking contrast between the highly unsympathetic Stalin bureaucracy and those admirable people of Leningrad, so many of whose diaries and evidence he quotes. These include Olga Bergholz, whose poetry, radio addresses and postwar novel, *The Daylight Stars*, are among the fairest tributes to the ordinary, long-suffering people of the city, and Vera Ketlinskaya whose novel, *The Siege*, was never allowed to appear in its original form because it had in it too much suffering and too much pity. People like these, and millions of others—and not in Leningrad alone—had, during the war, a human warmth and sensibility which belonged to an entirely different world from that of the "fat snouts." Salisbury has done a great job.

# The First To Mine Delirium

CASTLE TO CASTLE. *By Louis-Ferdinand Céline. Translated by Ralph Manheim. Delacorte Press. 359 pp. $7.50.*

**FREDERIC MORTON**
*Mr. Morton is the author of* The Rothschilds, The Schatten Affair *(both Atheneum) and* Snow Gods *(World-NAL).*

Céline's *Castle to Castle* is published here at last and the wildest, most lupine of novel destroyers lives among us again. Once more he is a reminder that the other patriarch rebels of modern fiction are, by contrast, cultured rationalists. When Joyce and Kafka dismantled the texture, theme, architecture of the story, they built a new thing underground; something strange and booby trapped with symbols perhaps, but at the same time a cunning and intricately structured replacement for the yarn-spinning conventions they'd ripped apart.

But there's another breed of destroyers, who don't bother to turn gothic cathedrals into gothic tunnels. They work with, feed on, the very ruins they've created. Their stomp kicks the rubble into original shapes; they tune crunch and thud into unheard-of rhythms. I'm talking, of course, about Genet, Henry Miller and William Burroughs. Probably it's no accident that hellers like these are either French or sometime residents in France. After all, the revolution needs the *ancien régime*; the barricades need the palace; the Jacobins need the Bourbons. The virtuosos of insurgency must hone their art against the champions of order. In that sense Céline needed Descartes and Anatole France.

Céline was probably the earliest and certainly the most infectious of the holy vandals. He was the first to smash to bits the by now baroque dictum that "art is emotion recollected in tranquility." Céline's art—I wonder, would he ever have bothered with such a finicky self-conscious word?—is past emotion refracted and incandesced through present tension. Balance? Symmetry? Contemplation? Hypocrisy! *Pfui*! Céline was the first to shuck off not only the worthy themes but also all manners and mannerisms of the civilized man of letters.

This foul-mouthed, dysentery-ridden, anti-Semitic doctor, scrounging for patients in a Paris side street, had no use for those decent beginnings, middles and ends with which the nice storytellers entertained men—and covered up man. When he sat down to write he poked his head into his own bowels; he kept his eyes harrowingly open; he saw fantastic inner nakedness nobody had quite seen before; and he reported the vision with an honesty that had to come in bellows, yawps and roars. In *Journey to the End of the Night* and *Death on the Installment Plan* he howled himself into fame, long before Allen Ginsberg. And the prime phantasmagorians of today—Genet, Burroughs, Günter Grass—how could they help but learn their raving from him? He was the first to mine delirium, to sculpt it as if it were precious alabaster.

*Castle to Castle* reminds us of all that. But it shows as well that Céline is not just a historical milestone. I wish he were. *Castle to Castle* proves how appallingly up to date its dead appalling author is; that—God help us!—he becomes more contemporary with every riot and each newly installed missile site. Like his other major novels *Castle to Castle* is autobiographical. The book records Céline's later years as a Nazi collaborator in Germany and his final, miserable medical practice in the Paris of the 1950s. Of course "records" is the wrong word. Céline's style consists of outcries and exclamations, groans and curses, all in white heat, separated by dots which like machine-gun bullets mow down even the mitigating orderliness of grammar.

Somehow—and this is the blackest of Céline's infernal skills—you never become numb. He knows how to remain colloquial, almost folksy, in his vilest imprecations; he changes the pace just enough to let you shift in your seat, take another deep breath; and every arrant curse fascinates—and hurts—with some diabolic perception. He'll conjure up the sound, smell, terror of an air raid and, almost in the same breath, add: "To tell the truth, a continent without war is bored . . . as soon as the bugles start up, it's a holiday . . . total vacation. And the bloodlust!"

The effectiveness here lies not so much in the psychological insight as in the brute, heedless sweep of which it is part. It really brings home sitting before the television set, watching a merry beer commercial jangle to its end, followed instantly by a dapper American major in the Mekong Delta, saying, "In order to save this village we had to destroy it," followed by sports and another word from our sponsor. Death and greed are separated by a few seconds of station identification, the equivalent of Céline's three dots . . .

For the more *outré* Céline's scene, the more familiar its implications. Much of the book is dominated by the miasmic castle of Siegmaringen, the Hohenzollern seat where Pétain, Laval, Céline and dozens of other French collaborators are ensconced with their wives, whores and *chefs de protocol*. The war is lost. De Gaulle is on the march, the Allied air force rumbles overhead. But inside the castle crystal glasses are still raised under Meissen chandeliers, servants rustle across deep rugs. There is the feeling that the gods are at their most godlike in the *Götterdämmerung*. The stroboscopic blasts of Céline's style reveal a doomed glamorous enclave, a high-decibel alternation of luxury and despair; it suggests the frantic, embattled discothèque in which we are all collaborators, active or passive, dancing into a deserved apocalypse.

It is almost a relief when Céline fails. The earlier parts of the book are set in Paris; and there a boat on the Seine becomes transmuted in Céline's fancy into Charon's mythical ferry, shipping the dead across the river Styx. At first the idea works up a fine hallucinatory and sulfurous momentum. Then it becomes merely a trick needlessly prolonged. For once Céline degenerates from the visionary to the literary, from the black prophet to the candidate for the Académie Française, trying to produce a respectable piece of rhetoric.

But the man is too unrelenting a genius to give his readers many such respites. Céline has been buried for eight years now, but his shriek still hangs in the air, calling us, fiendishly, each by our own name.



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# A Note on 'Cancer Ward'

CANCER WARD. *By Alexandr Solzhenitsyn. Translated by Nicholas Bethell and David Burg. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 560 pp. $10.*

**EMILE CAPOUYA**

*Mr. Capouya is a writer, and executive editor at Funk & Wagnalls. Alexandr Solzhenitsyn's novel,* Cancer Ward, *has been the object of a copyright dispute, involving the author, the British publisher, and the two U.S. publishers who have issued it in different translations, Dial Press and Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Mr. Capouya's full review of the novel in the Dial Press edition appeared in the January 6, 1969 issue of* The Nation. *Below is a note on the Farrar, Straus & Giroux edition.*

It ought to be cause for rejoicing that this splendid novel is appearing in two separate editions in this country. Another novel of Mr. Solzhenitsyn's, *The First Circle,* is on the best-seller lists, but in my opinion *Cancer Ward* is the better book, and it is possible that this new version may help to put it before a larger number of readers. The translation seems very good to me, and interesting documents are included in the volume by way of introduction and appendix. Among these are two letters addressed by the author to official literary bodies in the Soviet Union, protesting the confiscation, censorship and suppression of his works. There are also long excerpts from the proceedings of a session of the Soviet Writers' Secretariat, at which Mr. Solzhenitsyn attempted to defend himself. Finally, there is a letter to *Literaturnaya Gazeta*:

*April 21, 1968*

I have learned from a news story published in *Le Monde* on April 13 that extracts and parts of my novel, *Cancer Ward*, are being printed in various Western countries, and that the publishers—Mondadori (Italy) and The Bodley Head (England)—are already fighting over the copyright to this novel —since the USSR does not participate in the Universal Copyright Convention —despite the fact that the author is still living!

I would like to state that no foreign publisher has received from me either the manuscript of this novel or permission to publish it. Thus I do not recognize as legal any publication of this novel without my authorization, in the present or the future, and I do not grant the copyright to anyone. I will prosecute the distortion of the text (which is inevitable in view of the uncontrolled duplication and circulation of the manuscript), as well as any unauthorized adaptation of the work for the cinema or theatre.

I already know from my own experience that all the translations of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* suffered because of the haste with which they were made. Evidently the same fate awaits *Cancer Ward* as well. Besides the question of money, literature itself is involved here.

*A. Solzhenitsyn*

It is commendable that Farrar, Straus & Giroux have been so candid as to put before the public Mr. Solzhenitsyn's views with regard to unauthorized foreign editions. I should like to think that they did not know of the existence of that letter when they first undertook to publish an English edition of *Cancer Ward.* Once they had committed themselves to the project and invested money in it, it was to be expected that they would carry it through, for at this stage of our civilization the commercial considerations are the governing ones. But in the face of so express a prohibition from the author, publishing his novel is a kind of forcible expropriation. The technical name for the practice is literary piracy, and publishers are quick to use the term when they are themselves victimized in that way. Vladimir Petrov contributes a note to the appendix that glances at this question, and he implies that Solzhenitsyn may not really mean what he writes in his letter to *Literaturnaya Gazeta.*

But who is to say, if not the author himself? What we know of his life and what we read in his books tell us that he is one of those rare beings who always mean every word they write. Certainly Petrov's suggestion cannot dispel the odor of self-interest that clings to these enterprises, and that ultimately involves Solzhenitsyn's American readers in an act of bad faith.

The problem is brought home to us precisely because we feel nourished and restored by this book—a genuine work of literature—whether we read it in the Dial Press edition or in the version published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. We must have a bad conscience about enjoying the novel while abusing the generous spirit who created it, and who should in decency be privileged to say how it shall be presented to his audience in foreign countries. The principle here is not merely that of private property—to which both the publishers concerned doubtless subscribe—but of the author's moral rights in his own creation.

# State of Mind of the Thirties

A LONG JOURNEY. *By George Charney. Introduction by Michael Harrington. Quadrangle Books. 340 pp. $7.50.*

**T. B. BOTTOMORE**

*Mr. Bottomore, formerly head of Simon Fraser University, is now at the University of Sussex. He is the author of* Critics of Society *and* Classes in Modern Society *(both Pantheon).*

Mr. Charney, unlike many of those who have felt impelled to confess publicly the political sins of their youth or middle age, has been neither soured nor permanently disillusioned by his experiences. Charney began as a minor functionary in the American Communist Party in the 1930s. He ultimately became chairman of the New York party and a member of the national committee, and in 1951 was one of those leaders who were indicted and convicted under the Smith Act. He writes sensitively and without rancor, reaffirming the validity of the idealism and the revulsion against capitalism which attracted him and others to communism during the depression, yet seeing with an acutely critical eye the intellectual shoddiness, the dishonesty, the inhumanity, and ultimately the irrelevance of Soviet communism and its representatives in the United States.

Much of Mr. Charney's account from the inside confirms what is now generally accepted about the place of the Communist Party in American radicalism. The party had a largely middle-class membership, and it never established any strong roots in the working class; only for a time in the late thirties and the forties did it acquire an influence in some of the progressive labor unions, and this was destroyed again in the 1950s. The other possible mass base for the party was among the Negroes, and it succeeded to some extent in establishing its leadership in Harlem as a result of the Scottsboro movement, although in the view of some Negro critics (most recently, Harold Cruse) this was at the cost of inhibiting any genuine Negro radicalism. At all events, such influence as the party gained has vanished with the rise of an independent militant Negro movement.

In the 1930s Marxism and communism appealed more to the intellectuals than to the American working class, yet even in this sphere the influence of the Com-



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SEA HORSES

*The mottled swimming hordes,*
*Profiles and lidless eyes,*
*Circle aquarium walls,*
*As though mere fin and tail*
*Defined all motion.*

*Only the sea horse, perpendicular,*
*Erects his Gothic stance,*
*Turns in a slow periphery*
*His claim for starkness,*
*The acid edge of cliff and crag.*

FLORA J. ARNSTEIN

munist Party has sometimes been exaggerated. Charney is right to point out that there was never a philosopher (or, one might add, a social theorist) of any note in the movement, and that the few scholars who ventured to utter independent ideas were soon excommunicated. The American Communist Party, like others in the West, was subordinated to its Stalinist mentors and had to share the same debased intellectual life. Much of its energy went into sectarian strife and witch hunting, and this could have little appeal for serious thinkers. Furthermore, it was involved in doctrinal debates which were often quite remote from American experience and problems. Charney's comments on his rediscovery of his place as an American during the war make an important point about the need for any serious radical movement to be concerned first of all with the history, problems and aspirations of its own people.

In the 1960s American radicalism has begun to take on a form of its own (as it did once before, in the early years of this century) and to become more independent of foreign models and ideas. Indeed, the student movement, the Negro movement, and the American social critics have all had a considerable influence upon radical movements in other countries. Charney, contemplating this revival, ends his book on a note of optimism, but at the same time he expresses, directly or indirectly, some warnings which it would be well to heed. "We were still obsessed," he writes, in explaining the failure of the Communist Party to gain any wide support, "with the theory of catastrophe." Today, in the radical movement, there are some (fortunately, still a small minority) who are similarly obsessed, who reject any and every reform in favor of dramatic confrontations. There has grown up in some quarters a dogmatic intolerance, a sectarian fury (without even the justification of a theory of society to support it), a thoughtless contempt for everything that can be branded "liberalism," which is reminiscent of the Communist state of mind in the thirties. In the same circles there is often a willing acceptance of their separation from the working class and the labor unions, and a new theory of the "vanguard" has been invented in order to make a virtue out of this misfortune. I fear that some of the present forms of radicalism, if they were to spread more widely, would lead only to fresh defeats and renewed disillusionment. It may be that men never do learn from their history, but the history of radicalism in the 1930s, which Charney helps us so well to understand, is one from which we desperately need to learn.

# Priceless Catch

DRAGGING THE MAIN: And Other Poems. *By David Ray. Cornell University Press. 59 pp. $3.95.*

**ELLIOTT COLEMAN**
*Mr. Coleman's latest book of poems is* Rose Demonics 1936-1966 *(Linden Press).*

David Ray is a free poet, free of the district supervisors who assign the same style sheet for young pupils in poetry. But the freedom of David Ray is a very exacting freedom. Because he is an explorer, he must make more careful preparation for his trip than those who travel mapped-out seas and lands, providing his own disciplines of sight, sound, judgment and endurance. So genuine a poet must be free to make mistakes: to take a wrong direction only to discover something outrageously new; or to stumble or drift into danger in the night and then, taking a sight on the next sun, painstakingly to set out on his true course endlessly outside, endlessly inside, himself.

An earlier collection titled *X-Rays* is a whole book of taking sights, of setting course:

*. . . moon-sails and sky-scrapers and cloud-rakers*
*Touch the high winds too. There is no end*
*To proliferation of fable—canvas and star*
*A man climbs as he can. And walking*
*Without you—it never seemed possible—*
*I know there is no end to woe—by the barn*
*An old cow is chewing. She can go on chewing*
*Forever as I can grieve forever*
*And always a greater grief and a new land.*

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*The heavens are still dizzy with promises.*

In *Dragging the Main*, the promise in the earlier book is realized. In the title poem, the poet is walking in an American town by the sea:

*Past the closed beauty shops where the*
*Hair-driers inside gleamed like bombs . . .*

While hot rodders are cruising Main Street, he sees a girl go by alone in a car. Instantly there is something between them. She circles around the block and drives back several times. He races after her. She disappears. He had

*. . . thought the love that had*
*Once thrown me away was sneaking up . . .*

He stood

*. . . where the Shell sign squeaked . . .*
*and was glad she helped to destroy me . . .*

To his imagination the passing brunette by the roaring sea finally says it wasn't love stinging his face,

*But only the pure cars of America that*
*Were dragging the main, looking for fools*
*Who want to hold even the lights of Main*
*Street, and the sweetness of a face.*

In *The Paseo in Irun*, the author writes of the main drag in a Basque town in Spain:

*It is like Dragging the Main*
*in our hotrods back home*
*only it is walking*
*under umbrellas*
*taking the Sunday Paseo*
*about 7 p.m. in early darkness. . .*

*they stroll in pairs the novia*
*and the novio . . .*

*nothing*

*gets accomplished except*
*what is seen on a face*

Bitter over the war in Vietnam, he speaks of another street:

*What have they brought to the streets*
*of Saigon except smog*
*and for the kids lessons on how to suck?*

Among other inner features, *X-Rays* revealed in David Ray a wit both mordant and vivacious. There are persistent evidences of that wit in *Dragging the Main*; they make the book lively; but the extraordinary life of the work goes deeper. Pictures cannot quite be taken of it. And it is ultra-sonic; one cannot quite hear it, but only feel its effects.

Toward the end there come almost as relief two poems in a closer-to-surface category: "Doing Without" and "Having Too Much." In the first, the man "who looks amused to have discovered . . . another piece of firewood" is contrasted with those in despair

*from never absorbing quite enough electricity.*

But surface to deeps, this is a dragnet of a book, catching what is priceless.

# THEATRE

## HAROLD CLURMAN

One can ascribe much of the physical excitement and emotion in *Does a Tiger Wear a Necktie?* (Belasco Theatre) to its acting and direction. But since the opportunity for these assets is offered by Don Petersen's text, one may reasonably set down the event as an interesting "thing."

I note my reaction in this matter to stress anew that theatre art is not a matter of drama alone, to which stage elements are added, but a totality which creates or may create a single unified impression. How the various ingredients serve the complete effect it is the function of theatre criticism to elucidate. For the spectator what counts is the impact of the whole.

Petersen's script deals with various types of boys and girls—both black and white—in a rehabilitation center for narcotics. It is clear that his dramatized report is based on his experience as a teacher in such an institution. The pivot of his play is an English instructor, though he is a less colorful character than several of his wards.

The play is written with facility and, except for somewhat dated slang, a certain authenticity. Among the characters are a Puerto Rican youth with a religious streak in him that has turned into a lyrically laughing satanism. He has accepted his condition in triumphant despair, as if inevitable and thus desirable. Present too is Bickham, a frighteningly forceful Irish boy (the actor who plays him is a conspicuously "Latin" type), given to insolent brutality. He rejects all softening sentiment, though he harbors a sneaking admiration for the cool honesty of Mr. Winters, the aforementioned instructor. Buried in Bickham, also, is a quotient of volcanic poetry; but he is beyond redemption.

Then there is the "love interest." One of the black youths, who desires to kick the habit, is strongly attracted to Linda, a prostitute, also black, whose only relief from the harshness of her environment is the drug to which she is addicted as to a salvation. Her mother, of the same profession, died, the girl tells us, not of the diagnosed syphilis but of the terrible existence in which she was trapped since childhood. Linda is defiantly and violently cynical but at the end of the play when the boy, aspiring to health and about to leave the center, offers to marry her, she confesses her love for him. There is some faint hope that when she too is released the couple might make a go of it.

One is willing to accept the play's situations, though they may readily be termed bathos. Everyone is good and an air of "forgiveness" sweetens the presumably infected atmosphere. But what is harder to accept and finally defeats the evening is that we come to know little about its people except for their case histories. Bickham, we learn, in a melodramatically false scene with the establishment's head shrinker, suffers from want of a father and even more from the shock he sustains on learning that this long-absent parent is a disgusting being.

Portraiture through cut-rate psychoanalysis is a bane of much contemporary writing. Characters explain themselves or are explained to us by a doctor. We acquiesce to such "popular science" because we are conditioned to it by innumerable trite plays, novels and magazine articles. "Psychology" in drama is valid only when it is revealed through action and when such action points to something beyond medical or sociological data. What makes Petersen's play momentarily arresting is pigment, stage pigment composed of the paste of journalistic Freudianism.

Yet I have said that the whole is interesting. It is the acting which makes it so. As director, Michael Schultz, hitherto chiefly associated with the Negro Ensemble Company, has given the production movement and thrust which compel attention, and has helped shape performances that are frequently stirring. What they convey is the pathos of people fighting, to little avail, to make themselves or others sound. Thus a modicum of genuineness (not mere factuality) enters the proceedings.

Hal Holbrook plays Mr. Winters (his is an almost thankless task) most sympathetically, with unforced compassion and relaxed virility. Al Pacino, as the irremediable bombshell Bickham, displays (as he did in *The Indian Wants the Bronx*) a quietly fierce power, as well as warmth within savagery. He brings control and clear intention unusual in the projection of such roles. He is occasionally inaudible (from too much "naturalism"; or as a witty actor



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of old once said of another player, "he is overacting his underacting"). Now that Pacino has established his ability in this phase of characterization it would be pleasant to imagine that he might undertake to train himself for such roles as Edmund in *Lear*, Shylock, Richard III, Peer Gynt! So many actors who quickly are assigned their "niche" find themselves stuck in it and thus become commodities.

Lauren Jones, besides being an attractive woman, plays Linda with a sweeping passion before which one cannot remain indifferent. Roger Robinson is engagingly "idealistic" as the fellow who loves her. David Opatoshu in the rather sorry role of the analyst keeps the scene with Bickham going by sheer effort of faith in its reality. A special word of praise is due Jon Richardson in the small but perhaps best conceived part in the play, that of the center's supervisor, Dr. O'Malley, who is at once all square trust and benevolence and devastatingly disabused as to the efficacy of the offered treatment. Other actors, Lazaro Perez and Jose Perez, enrich the general picture.

Edward Burbridge's setting is an efficient and expressive structure, in some measure marred by the painted backdrop of the city which, while well enough executed, weakens the austere statement of the practical foreground.

# ART

## MAX KOZLOFF

"I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love, If you want me again, look for me under your bootsoles." So saying, Walt Whitman left a hint now curiously, and for the most part, unconsciously, taken up by numerous contemporary sculptors whose work withdraws into the earth whence the raw materials of sculpture had once been lifted and configured in upright presences. Gallons of ink have already been spilled in behalf of the aesthetics of these young men, only to dry out innocuously among the grit, rocks, pebbles and dust which constitute the normal range of their material enterprise. Under the rubric of earth sculpture, or "earth works," we've seen sprouting, for almost a year, innumerable wayward and obscure projects, memorialized vicariously in the pages of *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Time*. Trenches in the Nevada desert, rock piles in Aspen, Colo., and metal filings concentrically spread at New Haven: these are not merely the evidence of an extraordinary decentralization of New York art but also of a will to re-establish the geological bases of art, and to emphasize them in such a manner that artifact and impulse precipitate osmotically into their primal states of matter. And although much of this development is to be seen in Western European countries, the phenomenon strikes one as inherently American in its absurd grandeur, and its cranky diffidence whispering of cosmological overtones. It can be remarked, not in the realm of historical causality but in the terrain of suggestive coincidence, that the presence of this art at this moment is ramified by our political situation.

In the early sixties, for example, the Kennedy years, one witnessed the outburst of Pop art, which purveyed, however ambiguously, a burlesque celebration of the mass media whose brightness and stylishness may now seem a little tarnished in its upbeat tone. The era of the Alliance for Progress and the Peace Corps was not without a certain alarmed gaiety. As the strobe lights blinked, the Beatles called the tune to which Pop artists assimilated the disciplines of abstract painting. But by the mid-sixties, in the miasma of Johnson, American art oriented itself to far more arcane, puritanical and resistant emblems embodied in blocky, smooth-bore sculptural volumes. It is not too far-fetched to say that the featureless, low-income city planning, and the dismal stretches of exurbia had much to do with the point of reference for this sculpture. As has been suggested by some recent criticism, the "black box" of the *S.S. Turner Joy*, that malevolent radar encased in its neutral cube, symptomized the new image of the machine, articulated by minimal sculptors whose mammoth fiberglass or plastic boxes backed their spectators up against the gallery wall. Duplicitous blankness, meaningless consumption of space: these were the artistic co-efficients, or rather metaphors, of an American atmosphere charged with corporate paranoia. The criminal monotonies of the war in Vietnam could not be papered over with billboard grimaces by an art concerned with purist form, and yet simultaneously obsessed with the anodyne menace of American space. We seemed to be shrinking in size, hopelessly, impotently, before the sheer hollow bulk of these geometrical forms. Again, though, there was an ambiguity, in that the modernist abstract assumptions of this sculpture could not but take the latent measure of its surroundings, moduling it in mortuary paradigms of the assembly line. And now, by the end of the decade, time running out, political conflict nationally polarized, government institutions paralyzed, municipal services falling apart, congested urban life blackmailed, choked and pressured by self-serving unions, sculpture, once again taking a cultural lead, offers a comment, and an escape.

It does not seem a political accident that sculptors today provide a species of material chaff, seemingly fallen, scattered, or dug out of the ground, muzzy strewings or fragmented chips left to bemuse a society entangled in the debris of its own incoherence. But, melded with this psychological warning, is a nostalgia to get free, to break loose to the open plains, that is unprecedented in American art exactly because artistic dimension had never, until now, taken for its arena a whole continent. This sculpture can be thought to exist everywhere and nowhere. It does not nudge or shape space by any concerted structural attack. Often, it cannot even be thought present, except to a mind aware of certain topographical conditions referred to in aerial photographs and documents. The spectacle of this new work betokens, on the one hand, a vast exhaustion, a breakdown of energies and an unraveling of form while, on the other, it insinuates a tentative regeneration, some imminent rising of human alternatives other than culture and artifact. Yet frequently the impression it gives is of nothing more than a Sisyphean shift of material from one locale to another—nothing significantly given or taken away from the available densities of the landscape. So


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there is a pronounced and quixotic futility in these endeavors which dramatize, when all is said and done, the sluggishness of the *status quo*. It takes no effort of the imagination to see in this work correlations of the misgivings of the young and the dispossessed, thwarted everywhere by a system lumbering on to ecological suffocation.

Modern art, especially as "non-representational" as this, rarely gets talked about in such coarse-grained political perspective. Nothing said so far can pretend to any literal translation of the sculptors' views themselves. And I should be the last to deny the inner formal necessities which have brought earth works into existence. Rather, I am talking about the effect of large imaginative patterns in contemporary art as it impinges upon the consciousness of America in trauma.

On a more immediate professional level, however, there is a distinct note of rebelliousness, and hence, moral activism, in the new sculptors. Theoretically, they would seem to be disengaging themselves from the market structure and the gallery system of the art world. The transactional nature of our commerce with art, both economic, and experiential, is subverted by masses of inchoate substances meaningful only in that they are "coming from," rather than "going to," a particular destination. It is not merely that they require a low level of scrutiny more appropriate for a sandbox than an intact, composed work of art; it is rather that they refuse to be a commodity in any economic sense of the word. You cannot expect this art to be shoveled into your living room and still preserve the way it looked in the gallery, or keep distinct the boundary lines between aesthetic charade and domestic living. You cannot expect, in fact you are defied, to want to buy it. And it is easy to imagine the discomfort of those whose role obliges them to sell it. Values of scarcity, concentration and prestige no longer obtain—partly, one guesses, because they are the accouterments of a culture discredited overall by its manifest oppressions.

Of course, we've seen, in happenings, no less transient passings and interactions of "form." But these were theatrical performances in a temporal art. It is because sculpture does not operate within the acknowledged medium of time that the above remarks are still too theoretical. The point about the temporal versus the visual arts is that in the latter, one *looks at* an immobile object, or set of objects, as opposed to *watching* a sequence of ever-vanishing events. Earth sculpture in galleries would be a contradiction in terms even if it did not look incongruously "installed," or rather, caged, for it is neither precisely landscape any more, nor a man-made thing, but instead an underfoot, though cordoned off, soil sampling that does not attract looking. Occasionally, the dirt floor of a Walter de Maria comes to seem unintentionally Surrealist in a gallery context. Outdoors, the sculptors may have the greater advantage of consistency with the surround, but they coyly sacrifice any focus that would single out or differentiate their work. Often, at considerable expenditure of effort, and only after being elaborately cued or guided, can one happen upon one of their tenuous excavations, and this proves, finally, too trivial to sustain the weight of previous anticipation. The knowledge that an artist rather than a farmer, or the weather, has created those sodden hedges or molelike humps in the turf, is the receding root of the experience.

Of course, these various pressures have already registered their urgency in certain recent maneuvers of earth works. They were best, perhaps, to be seen in a show, organized by Thomas Leavitt, at the Cornell University Museum, a Victorian mansion serving half as hothouse for this literally organic and mineral art, and half as coordinating center for a dozen or so snowbound sculptural sprouts or incisions, scattered over the precipitous environs of Ithaca, N.Y. A project by Dennis Oppenheim consisted of a room devoted to a series of maps of the locale pinpointing the variously disparate sites for earth works (shown in photographs) that repeated, one at a time, in precise dimension, the floor plan of each of the rooms of the museum. It was a pretty conceit on the play of exterior and interior spaces, time, distance and change, couched in the language of a slightly mad surveyor. This notion of constructed and natural alter egos, reflecting each other as if on some mirror of the mind, is also purveyed, now literally by mirrors, by Robert Smithson. In his beautiful section, a set of rectangular mirrors, lying on invisible bases a few inches off the floor, become positioners for piles of translucent rock salt (taken from a nearby mine), generously overflowing between them. Very smartly, Smithson has grasped and pioneered, in polemical essays even more than sculpture, the fundamental doubling potentialities of the mode. That is, he is involved with an illusory process of duplication whereby, for instance, bins of ore samples and contour maps of the New Jersey land from which they have been quarried, are cross-referenced in a stop-frame demonstration that gives a kind of stutter to the usual categories of the finite (Dwan Gallery). This sometimes magical pedantry imposes an implausible order on the primordial and the amorphous. And in his current exhibition at the Castelli Gallery, Robert Morris, the brilliant minimalist who goes occasionally "soft," layers a room wall to wall with woolly, multi-colored waste from a knitting mill, interspersed with stand-up mirrors that mark off space even as they deny measure.

I cite these works as intellectual exceptions to the products of sculptors, many of whom are not quite sure what they are doing, in a mode that is already fairly compromised. For in their effort to contain their unruly materials, several of the earth sculptors back into the formal prejudice of gussying earth in nice little mounds or concentric rakings that smack only too much of house and garden decoration. And, needless to say, this indicts whatever political radicalism they might aspire to reflect. If the Cornell show is any example, furthermore, the spectacle of a university importing, and paying the way, even from Europe, of a group of dissident anti-technological sculptors, raises issues of patronage and consumption that are all too familiar in the drawbacks of a system whose reform still awaits meaningful instrumentation. That monolith, like so much else in our society, has a sly way of resisting—and accommodating—the most virulent demands for freedom. Meanwhile, a few spirits have bequeathed themselves "to the dirt to grow from the grass I love," in a new gesture of the poetic imagination.

# FILMS

## ROBERT HATCH

A theatrical device of ancient respectability is the literal implementation of a hyperbole. It is frequently used for humor—*First Comedian*: "I'm so hungry I could eat a horse"; *Second Comedian* enters left, leading one—but it can be adapted to sterner effects. Thus it must be assumed that somewhere in the proceedings of *If. . . .*, a British film directed by Lindsay Anderson, who is remembered here for *This Sporting Life* (1963), a member of the leading triumvirate says: "I'd like to kill the whole blazing lot of them." That is what happens.

*If. . . .*, then, is not a film to be read on the surface as realism; it moves into and out of fantasy. Nor can one always determine when the shift has occurred. This uncertainty is augmented by the fact that the picture also jumps back and forth between color and black and white in no evident correlation with the nature of the episodes on view. Since seeing it, I have read that the producing company found itself running short of funds, and



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THE CITY

*If flowers want to grow*
*right out of the concrete sidewalk cracks*
*I'm going to bend down to smell them.*

DAVID IGNATOW

therefore abandoned color in the latter days of the shooting schedule (since movies are not shot chronologically, the two kinds of film stock are scrambled through the whole continuity).

Beyond that is the problem of the Anglo-American gap—we may be brothers, but we were not raised in the same house, and differences of expectation can be sudden and baffling. *If. . . .* is set in a British public school, which Americans associate with Tom Brown and the memoirs, usually embittered, of men of letters. What these institutions are really like today—what they foster and what they countenance—we really do not know, and therefore how much of the film was understood by its home audience as document, how much as exaggeration for social emphasis, it is hard for me, at least, to decide.

Some of the hyperbole is evident enough. When two of the three bad boys (Malcolm McDowell, David Wood and Richard Warwick) leap onto a motorcycle displayed in a salesroom of the nearby town, and gun the machine out into the countryside, fancy begins as the motor detonates. At a roadside café, they meet up with an entranced and mesmerizing waitress (Christine Noonan) who manifests herself from time to time in later scenes; all of those can be judged hallucinatory.

But how about the hanging of a boy upside down in a toilet, or the relaxed acceptance of homosexuality (two boys together in a dormitory bed; the trading of a young student-servant between prefects), or the fatuous megalomania of the headmaster? How about the elegantly sadistic caning of the three "bad influences" by the head prefect? It is not always possible to divide facts from enacted implications.

One aspect that we may take as real —indeed, as international fact—is the revolutionary romanticism of the trio: guerrilla posters on the wall, blood oaths of solidarity, references to "pure acts." And as the film works on, it is obvious that the fantasy will prevail. A cadet corps field exercise is interrupted by real bullets and the bayoneting of the chaplain, who doubles in brass for the occasion. The three boys are caught, told by the headmaster that this sort of mischief cannot go on, and set as a penance the cleaning out of decades-old rubbish from a school cellar. There, amidst deteriorating stuffed trophies and bottled fetuses, they find a supply of guns and ammunition left over from the civil defense days of World War II. They take to the rooftops and await the students, parents, faculty and distinguished guests to emerge from Speech Day ceremonies. Mutual annihilation.

And that, in its spirit, is real enough. These three are the brightest boys, the most promising and inventive boys (and the girl is their genius of the gratuitous act). They want to put their world up against a wall and gun it down. Well, boys do feel that way; have felt that way. The question is, how far must they go today to keep faith with their convictions? According to Godard in *La Chinoise*, and now according to Anderson in *If. . . .*, they have become capable of their gestures. The films are alike in making ambiguous the transition from gesture to capability, and that is the firm base of their truth. We others—older, more historically minded, less capable of demonstrating a sense of outrage—do not know where the line runs and are really afraid to find out. Machine guns chatter from behind the gargoyles of College House, and that must be hyperbole. But youths of similar age have formed a society for self-immolation in Prague and that is fact. Somewhere between the two the line is drawn, and the future falls on one side or the other.

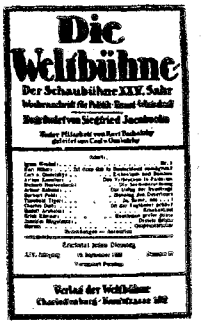
# MUSIC

## DAVID HAMILTON

Although the subject of shrinking concert audiences has occupied the eye of the press during the current New York music season, this concern apparently stems from the showing of the conventional recital and orchestral programs—and it will be surprising if the surfeit of standard repertory on records, on "good-music" radio stations, and in concert halls does not begin to have some cumulative effect on attendance patterns. But it should also be noted that audiences at the various New York series devoted to contemporary music have not, in general, fallen off—rather, they seem to be more populous than ever. And equally striking is the way that each series is developing its own following, above and beyond the increasing hard-core "modern music" crowd.

Among the different series, two have been notable for their consistency of programming interest and performance quality. The older is that of the League of Composers-ISCM, which was successfully revived last year under the initiative of Henry Weinberg. This season, an even more ambitious program has been organized by Jacques Monod. In addition to presenting new works, the League-ISCM has been offering a series of "one-man" retrospective concerts to celebrate important anniversaries of leading American composers; and this year the program in honor of Elliott Carter's 60th birthday (co-sponsored by the Fromm Music Foundation), was a model of how such things should be done.

The works played—the Piano Sonata (1946), Sonata for Harpsichord, Flute, Oboe and Cello (1952), and Second String Quartet (1959)—hardly require praise at this date, but their juxtaposition focused attention on Carter's very special way of deriving every composi-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tion from the nature of his medium, on the exact, individual and inseparable relationship that prevails in each work between sound resources and language. Contributing significantly to the impact of the concert were the performances—Charles Rosen's staggering account of the Piano Sonata, the Juilliard Quartet's authoritative reading of the Second Quartet (a much needed new recording of which was scheduled to be made shortly after the concert), and a capable, well-balanced account of the Sonata by Paul Jacobs, Karl Kraber, Charles Kuskin and Fred Sherry.


## PERSONALS

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The high level of performances at the League-ISCM concerts can be attributed in large part to Monod's extensive experience with, and realistic appraisal of, the requirements for adequate rehearsal. A comparable professionalism is evident in the work of The Group for Contemporary Music at Columbia University, directed by Charles Wuorinen and Harvey Sollberger, now in its seventh season of concerts at McMillin Theatre. Although passed by when the Rockefeller Foundation dispensed endowments to university-based chamber groups several years ago (see *The Nation*, July 19, 1965), the Group has managed to continue its activities. Now that the Rockefeller-supported ensemble at Rutgers has foundered after exhausting the original grant, the Columbia ensemble's survival becomes even more important in providing the New York region with performing resources for serious new music.

In addition to a high level of performance, the Group has done valuable service in keeping classics of the 20th century before the public and in providing second and third. hearings for difficult works (since their McMillin concerts are rarely covered by the regular press, they are free from any pressure to schedule premieres for publicity reasons). Among this season's presentations, I single out a few that seemed particularly noteworthy. James Randall's *Lyric Variations* for Violin and Computer is an all-tape piece (Paul Zukofsky's violin was pre-recorded and synchronized with the computer-synthesized sounds), perhaps laid out on an overextended time scale but nevertheless clear and logical; the sound quality is the most impressive I have yet heard achieved by computer synthesis. On the same program (January 13) were two works by Chou Wen-chung, including a particularly fascinating adaptation (for low winds and brass, violin, piano and percussion) of a 13th-century Chinese piece.

Earlier in the season (November 24), at a Town Hall concert given in conjunction with New York University, the Group offered a second hearing of Benjamin Boretz's *Group Variations I*, whose multi-dimensional complexity of detail on this occasion yielded elements of coherence absent in its previous performance: the cumulative energy generated by the interlocking gestures of the individual instruments is obviously only one aspect of continuity that Boretz is developing here, but sufficiently absorbing to make further hearings mandatory.

Fortunately for non-New Yorkers, this season has seen the release of several valuable recordings by The Group for Contemporary Music on the CRI label: Stefan Wolpe's Trio on CRI-233, Wuorinen's Chamber Concerto on CRI-230 and his *Janissary Music* (a percussion solo for Raymond DesRoches, whose spectacular performance was also a feature of the Town Hall concert) on CRI-231. Aside from the significance of the repertory contained therein, these records demonstrate the expertise of ensemble and execution that the Group has accumulated over the years. The continuity of this tradition has become an important force in the stimulation of compositional development and the growth of an audience for serious contemporary music.

Some special measurement for devotion must be applied, I suspect, to the capacity audiences that have filled a gallery at the Whitney Museum for the concerts of Composers' Showcase, since no chairs are provided (cushions are scattered on the floor). Despite the large gallery's dubious acoustics, there was something of value at both programs I was able to attend: on January 21, electronic music-*cum*-visuals, and on February 4 an evening of songs and chamber music. With the exception of a film by Lloyd M. Williams, which did relate coherently to Vladimir Ussachevsky's music, the first evening's sound and sight (light shows for Gaburo and Powell, dance for Babbitt's *Ensembles*) manifested few relationships that were not purely coincidental, and the noisy ventilating fans for the lighting equipment seriously interfered with listening. I doubt that this kind of "production" enhances music, but at least the works chosen were worth hearing (some of them can be heard at home, without distractions, on commercial recordings: Gaburo's *Lemon Drops* and *For Harry* on Heliodor HS-25047, the Babbitt piece on Columbia MS-7051, and Powell's *Events* on CRI-227).

The second program had a "gimmick" too, but a more valid one: the participation of the composers. Ned Rorem and Virgil Thomson accompanied the sumptuous voice of Betty Allen in songs, and Walter Piston and Aaron Copland conducted chamber works for strings. To be sure, Piston's Sextet and Copland's Nonet should not require conductors, but there are worse ways to save on rehearsal time and money. In particular, the Nonet made a good effect; I had not previously encountered this impressive example of Copland's recent style, with its personal and fluent adaptation of serial techniques and its convincing exploitation of a difficult texture (three each of violins, violas and cellos).

(Because conflicts have restricted my attendance at some other series, a further report on activities at Hunter College and elsewhere will appear later in the season.)



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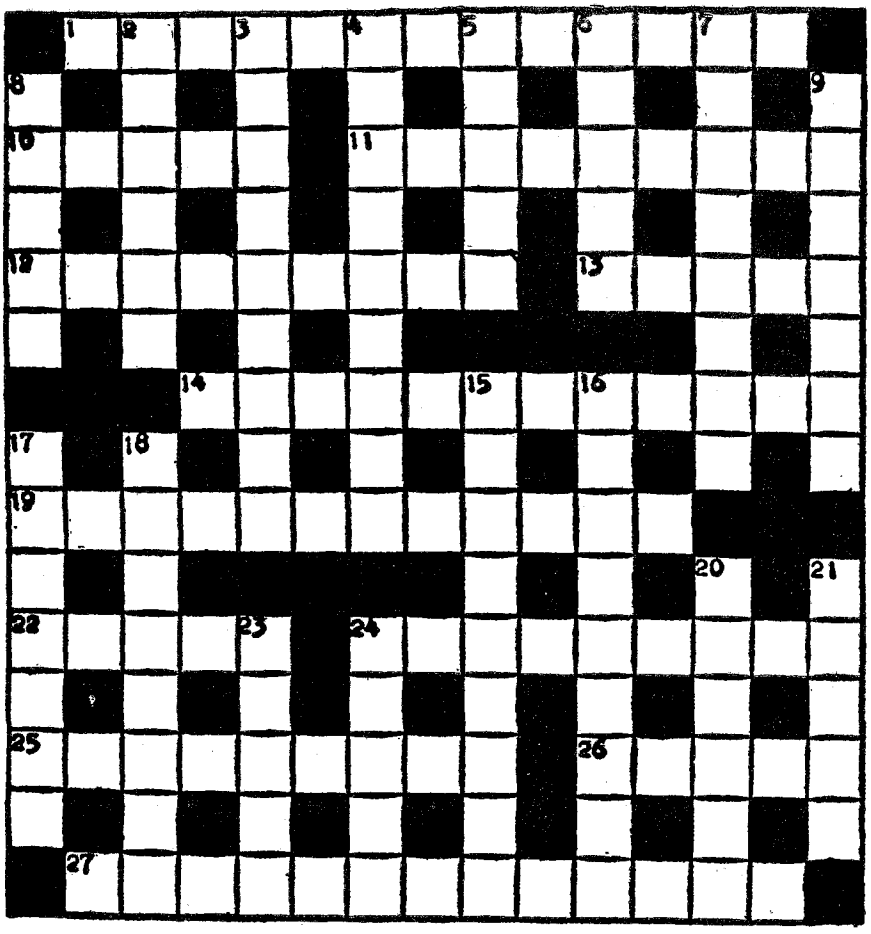
# Crossword Puzzle No. 1289

## FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 What's the point of the church having one drink after another? The horsey set might talk about it! (13)
10 Is this small company in the red? Quite the contrary, I believe! (5)
11 Begin the Beguine? Certainly not, and always inside for the queen. (9)
12 Not typified by "My Fair Lady," certainly. (9)
13 Puts a muffler on, perhaps for what one might get with evening dews. (5)
14 If they be sharps, they have to be changed to go lower, so you can see. (12)
19 Swaps potential customers, like shopkeepers? (12)
22 You might not breathe easy if it is bothering you. (5)
24 Homme? (9)
25 One of those great Italian lovers. (9)
26 Megasporangium. (5)
27 Quixotic stagefare, necessarily. (3,2,2,6)

DOWN

2 See 17 down
3 Formerly single-tax? (Free translation of it!) (9)
4 Certainly not a heavy cruiser, as one can tell from the beam. (9)
5 Cuts out illegal football tactics? (5)
6 People take notice around it? Correct! (7)
7 Has somewhat less than ravenous connotation—it's always Sir Thomas! (8)
8 They might show signs of fighting, but not for the Union. (5)
9 One should be dogged if he does. (7)
15 Not necessarily where 19 hang out, of the Romeo sort. (9)
16 One of those things associated with kind hearts—not worth an awful lot! (4,5)
17 and 2 down Is one likely to admire himself, in a sense, as being a very conservative type? (5-2-3-3)
18 Likely to be seen in some of our own beauty spots, or in someplace in Central America. (8)
20 Morning growth? You might be surprised by it! (6)
21 One of them used to be bent in a bow. (5)
23 Very warm in the river, but it might otherwise be a snap. (5)
24 An old-timer working with the grain might swing it. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1288

ACROSS: 1 Undetermined; 9 Straighten; 10 Trot; 11 Prophets; 12 Alaska; 13 Loess; 15 Spectrum; 16 High gear; 19 Licit; 21 Stroll; 22 Competes; 24 Ursa; 25 Intonation; 26 Scholarships. DOWN: 2 Natural history; 3 Example; 4 Eagle; 5 Mitosis; 6 Nonpareil; 7 Detract; 8 Mock turtle soup; 14 Shellfish; 17 Hookahs; 18 Recital; 20 Cheetah; 23 Miner.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